THE CANADIAN

# METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

## LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

### III.

We turn for a time from the records of battles and sieges to the gentler and more beneficent triumphs of literature. More and more is being realized the truth of the saying of the poet, "The pen is mightier than the sword." One of the noblest intellects, one of the purest poets, one of the most ardent lovers of liberty, who ever enriched the literature of the English, or any other language, was John Milton, known chiefly to fame as the author of that incomparable poem, "*Paradise Lost.*" He has, perhaps, still greater claim upon the gratitude of mankind, as the champion of civil and religious liberty, than even as the writer of immortal verse. He himself has left us an account of his noble ambition to "leave something so written, to after times, as they should not willingly let die." He proceeds to review the great epics of the age, and characterizes the Apocalypse of St. John as "the majestic image of high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." He then announces his own desire "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History:* Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., Prof. of History in DePauw University; author of A History of the United States, The Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati

and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations—doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ." The inspiration for these august themes is not, he tells us, "to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

In his eloquent plea for the liberty of the press he rises to the loftiest heights of majestic expression:

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. . . . Almost as good kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it where in the eye. . . . We should be wary, therefore, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extends to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends, not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

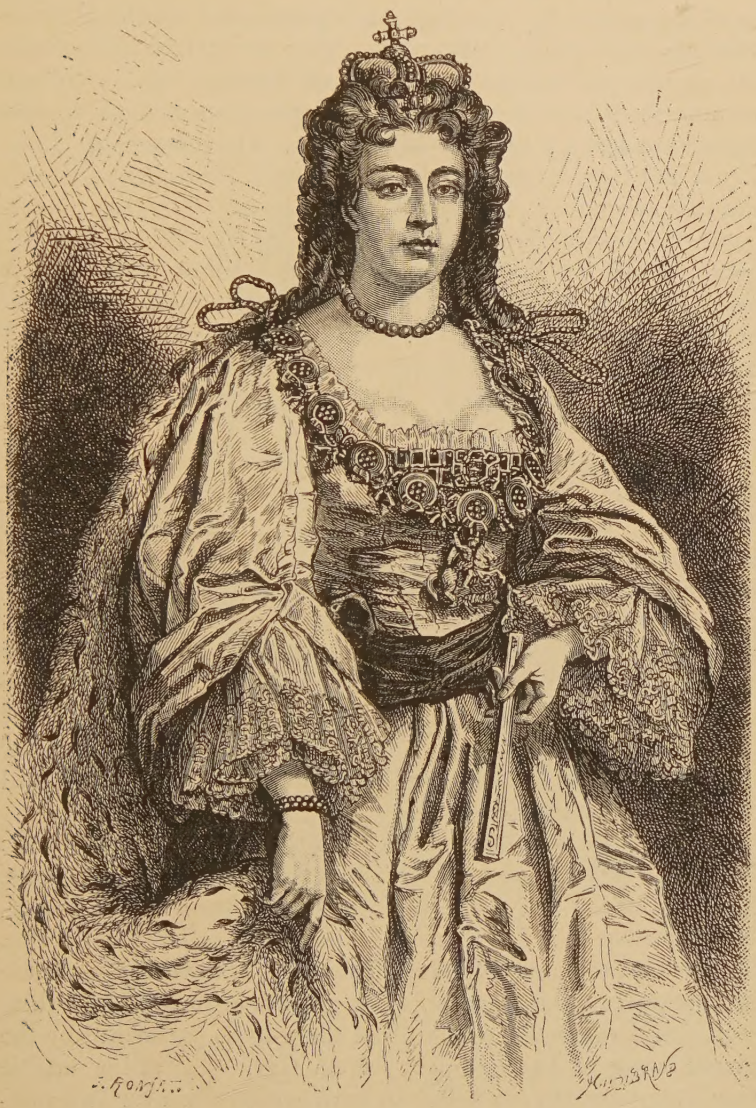
"Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance. . . .

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps."

Few pictures in the history of literature are more pathetic than that of the old blind bard, in his humble house at Chalfont, dictating to his daughters in his loneliness "the dolourous and glorious strophes of *Paradise Lost*." In the mouth of Samson, in his "Agonistes," he puts words which but echo the sorrows of his own heart:

> O loss of sight of thee I most complain,
> Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
> Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age,

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day. . . .



QUEEN ANNE.

As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable,
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.

But in that darkness what glorious visions come to gladden the thoughts of men for evermore!

The memory of good Queen Anne is endeared to the English-speaking people, by her domestic virtues, and by the glorious victories that marked her reign. Her monument still adorns the churchyard in front of St. Paul's Cathedral; but her noblest monument is that her reign is designated in history as the Augustan Age of English Literature. The names of Pope, Pryor and Gay, in poetry; of Defoe, Swift, Addison and Steele, in prose, are nobler, worthier titles to immortality, than Marlborough's bloody victories of Ramilies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. While the English language shall continue to be spoken these immortal names shall live, "familiar in men's mouths as household words," when the name of the great soldier, and corrupt statesman, and moral poltroon shall be remembered only to be scorned.

Contemporaneously with Britain, France was enjoying her Augustan era, under the munificent patronage of the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV. A galaxy of great painters, poets, preachers, scholars and musicians, rendered illustrious that long and magnificent reign. While no *chef d'œuvre* of French literature will compare with the masterpieces of British genius, yet there were many great writers who conferred undying lustre on the Gallic tongue. Like the French civilization of the period, this seventeenth century literature was noted more for its elegance of form, than for its energy of character. But for literary grace and charm the French have an aptness and skill that amount almost to genius.

Among these writers must be mentioned the great divines: Boussuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon; the great poets: Racine, Molière, Boileau and Corneille; the great prose writers: Pascal, La Fontaine and La Bruyère; the great artists: Le Brun, Claude Lorraine and Poussin. The most noteworthy of these was unquestionably Racine. His dramas are marked by their high moral character, which fitted them to be performed by the young ladies of the seminary of St. Cyr. One of his notable lines is noteworthy, as being an anticipation by over two hundred years of the much lauded recent utterance of Bismarck: "We fear God, and we fear only Him." Racine showed his appreciation of the lofty muse of Milton by translating into French his "Paradise Lost"; but the austere grandeur of the

Puritan poem evaporates in the attempt to render it into the volatile, not to say frivolous, French tongue.

We turn now to notice a couple of contemporaries of a very different character—embodiments of the rugged force and fiery energy of the untamed north. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the kingdom of Sweden occupied relatively a much more prominent place in European politics than it has in

RACINE.

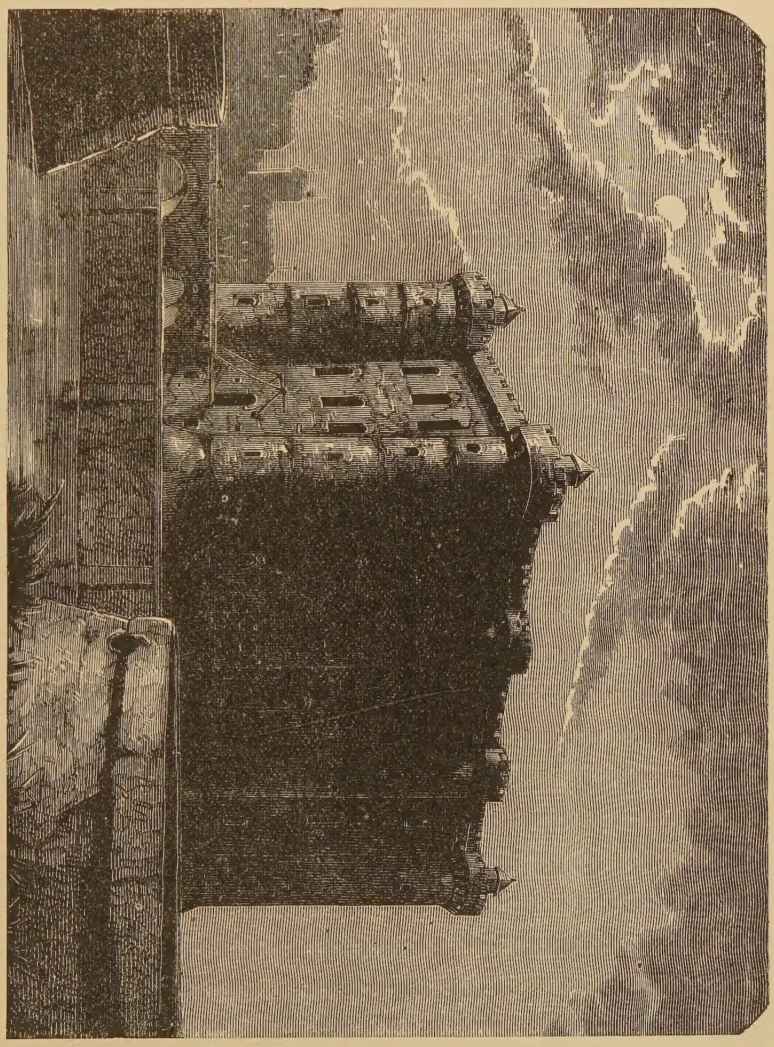
more recent times. Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. were heroes who played very prominent parts in the drama of their age. It is to the latter of these that we would now refer.

The protracted duel of the "Lion of the North," with that Ursa Major, the Czar Peter the Great, was a battle of Titans. Charles XII. was born in 1682—the same year in which Czar Peter, then aged ten, came to the throne of Russia. Unlike his

great rival, who continued to the end of his life an ignorant boor. Charles XII. was carefully educated, and his youthful ambition was fired by reading the story of the conquests of Alexander the Great. At the age of fifteen he became king, and three years later declared war against Peter for the defence of Fatherland. He immediately adopted the discipline of a veteran. He banished wine from the table, ate coarse bread, and slept upon the ground. With eight thousand men he fell upon the Czar, who had an army of fifty thousand. His audacity was rewarded by an overwhelming victory. He refused to see the fair false Königsmark, who was sent to tame, with her seductive spells, the Swedish Lion, and with an army of forty-three thousand invaded Russia. He took the same route and met almost the same fate as Napoleon a hundred years later. He met Czar Peter with a force nearly twice as great as his own on the fatal field of Poltowa, when ensued one of the great battles of history. At the very onset Charles XII., who exhibited a reckless daring, received a dangerous wound in his thigh. But he ordered himself to be borne on a litter, and commanded his veterans throughout the fight. He met with a disastrous defeat, and had to take refuge in Turkey. The Czar procured a decree for his expulsion from that country. He attempted to escape, was caught, and feigned sickness for ten months in a Turkish prison. At length he escaped and rode across Europe by highways and byways from Turkey to Stralsund. Here he thundered defiance at his powerful foes. While conducting the siege of the petty fortress of Frederikshall he recklessly exposed his person, as was his wont, and was struck down by a random shot. Thus perished ingloriously one of the foremost heroes of history. The great English moralist, Samuel Johnson, thus illustrates by the career of Charles XII. the folly and vain-glory of war:

> "On what foundations rests the warrior's pride?
> How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
> A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
> No dangers fright him and no labours tire;
> O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
> Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain,
> Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
> And one capitulate and one resign;
> His fall was destined to a barren strand,
> A petty fortress and a dubious hand.
> He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

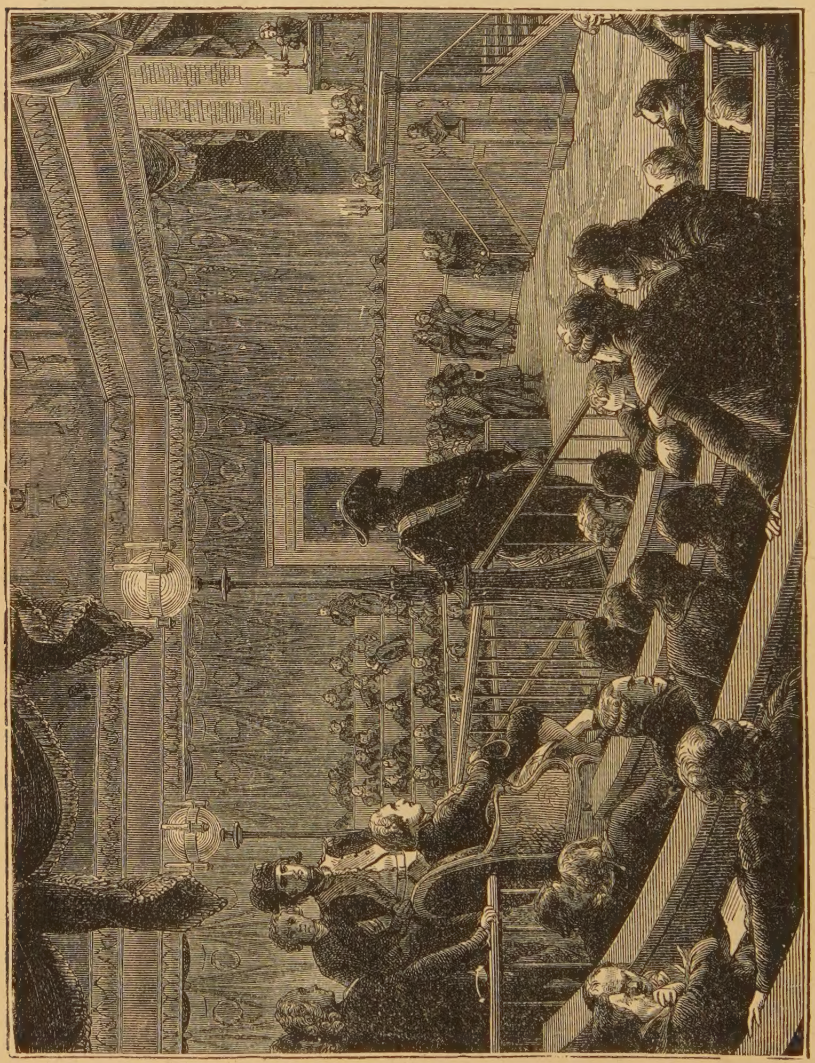
The melancholy procession, shown in our frontispiece, is a sad ending of so much pomp and power and glory.



THE BASTILLE.

Our next historic landmark is that most tremendous social cataclysm of modern times—the French Revolution. A long course of oppression and tyranny had made the condition of the great mass of the people one of unendurable misery. While the privileged classes revelled in wanton luxury, the poor Helots of France were starving for lack of bread. "What shall

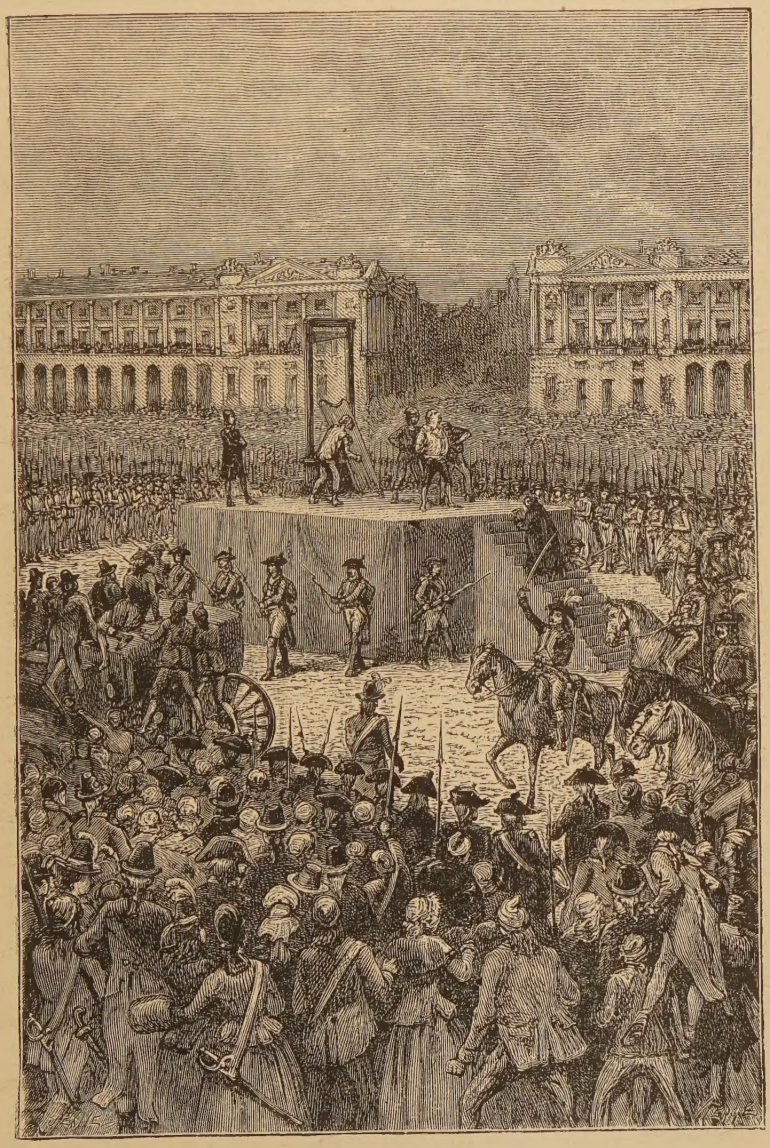
we eat?" asked a deputation of poor peasants of tax-farmer Foulon. "Eat grass," was the brutal reply. The reckless profligacy of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. lavished on palaces



TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

and profligates the taxes wrung from the starving poor. The personal and domestic virtues of the amiable Louis XVI. could not avert the thunderbolts of vengeance, which a long course of arbitrary misgovernment had evoked. The first violent out-

burst of revolt was directed against that great engine of oppression, the Bastille. This grim fortress had been for four hundred years the last argument which kings had used to convince their subjects. In its gloomy dungeons had languished many



Death of Louis XVI.

a victim of oppression and tyranny. Without arraignment, without opportunity of defence, without appeal, men were consigned to its reeking vaults on a mere *lettre-de-cachet* of the monarch or his minion. At the gate of St. Antoine it raised its eight round towers and gray old walls, a perpetual menace to the liberties of the people. A wide, deep moat, and double drawbridge, artillery on the walls and a garrison within guarded it against assault. But all in vain. The wrath of an enraged people, notwithstanding a heroic defence, carried it by storm, and in a few hours left not one stone upon another. To-day the beautiful "Column of July" rears its graceful form on the site of that accursed stronghold of tyranny.

One scene of reckless violence followed in quick succession upon another. Tax-farmer Foulon, aged seventy-four, is hanged at a street corner, his mouth, in grim irony, filled with grass. Bread riots convulse the city. The furious Mœnads of the fish-market rush to Versailles. The palace is sacked. The king and queen are brought prisoners to Paris. Louis XVI. foolishly attempts to escape, and is brought brack. In spite of the heroic defence of the Swiss Guard, who were butchered almost to a man, the king and family are consigned to the mediæval prison of the Temple.

Now begin the wild orgies of the Reign of Terror, when both throne and altar are hurled prostrate in the dust. The ill-omened guillotine is set up beneath the palace windows, and shears off day by day the noblest heads of France. Like foul birds of prey Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton and Marat, rode upon the storm. The king received the mockery of trial by his rebel subjects and was sentenced to death, and died with the dignity of a martyr. "Nothing in his life became him like his leaving it." Soon followed in the same bloody pathway the " beautiful highborn," Marie Antoinette.

Chaos was come again. The Sabbath was abolished. The Christian era was wiped out. The very names of the months were changed. Atheism was declared to be the faith of France. Immortality was denied. The churches were rifled. The Almighty was defied. The Fête of Reason was celebrated in Notre Dame—an actress enthroned as its goddess. The orgy of blood ran its swift course. The Girondists and Dantonists rode in the crowded tumbrils to the guillotine. Marat and Robespierre fell victims to their crimes. The Revolution was devouring its own children.

# ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

## III.

At Set of Sun.

Going north from London, I stopped at Cambridge, Peterborough and York, to see the colleges and cathedrals of those old ecclesiastical towns. The ride through the Fen country is tame and uninteresting, save for its historic associations. Yet, even this flat and amphibious region has its poetic aspects, as described for us by Milton, Tennyson and Kingsley.

The sluggish streams, with the low bridges and pollard willows, and fine grazing lands have a soft pastoral look—making one feel, as Mrs. Browning has it, that "God's hand touched but gently when He made our England"—most exquisite when the sunset light streams over the far-level meadows and meres, and from some lonely village spire "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day." Milton catches the spirit of this witching hour in his musical lines:

> "Oft on a plat of rising ground,
> I hear the far-off curfew sound,
> Over some wide-watered shore,
> Swinging slow with solemn roar."

It was on the first of September that I visited Cambridge, the one day of the year when the college quadrangles are closed to the public, so as to maintain, I was informed, the control of the grounds. But a judicious fee is an "open sesame," almost everywhere; and I was allowed to reach the *penetralia* of most of the colleges. At Christ's College, Milton "scorned de-

lights and lived laborious days." I was shown his mulberry, from which I plucked a leaf. His own melodious lines in "Il Penseroso" etch with an artist's skill the scene and its associations:

> "But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloisters pale,
> And love the high embowéd roof,
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light;
> There let the pealing organ blow,
> To the full-voiced choir below."

In the Fen Country.

In traversing the fat grazing lands of Huntingdonshire, memories of Cromwell and his Ironsides would assert themselves. At St. Ives, famous in nursery rhyme, a cattle fair was in progress, and bucolic graziers, with ruddy faces, top boots, and "horsey" dress, abounded. In England you can almost always tell a man's rank by his garb. In Canada you cannot, except that the master is generally a little worse dressed than the man.

The first Christian temple in York was founded in the seventh century, on the site now occupied by the present minster, which was commenced in the year 1215, and finished in 1472. Some two hundred and fifty years were, therefore, occupied in its erection, so that it is an exemplification of several styles—

Early English, Decorated, Early and Late Perpendicular. But with all this diversity, there is manifest unity of design; and even the fastidious critic, as he gazes upon the exterior of the noble fabric from the city walls, or upon the interior from the

York Minster.

west entrance, must feel himself impelled to an admiration of which poetry is the only adequate expression.

In 1829, a lunatic, named Martin, concealed himself one night in the Cathedral and set fire to the woodwork of the choir. The carved timber roof of the choir and nave, and the magnificent organ were destroyed. The restoration cost $350,000, and had not long been completed when some workmen, by accident, again set fire to the building, causing damage to the extent of $125,000 more.

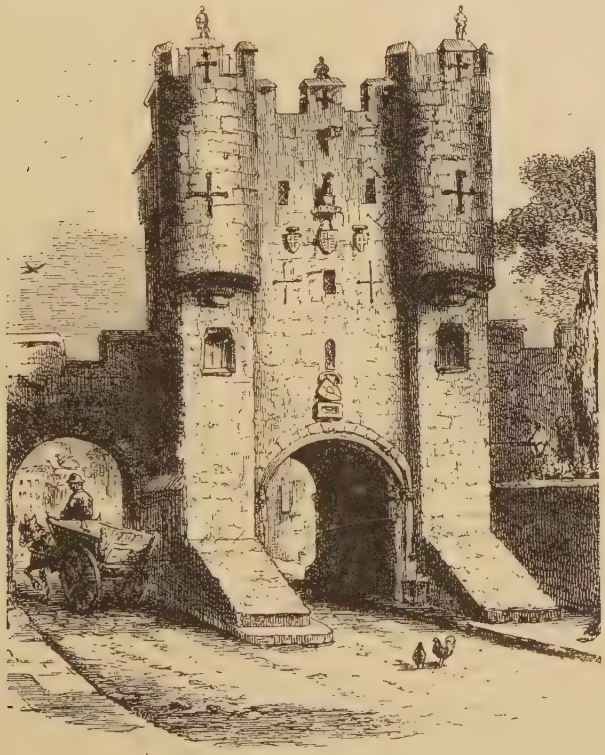
Of all the cathedrals in England which I saw, the most impressive is the mighty minster of York. How it symbolizes the profound instinct of worship in the human soul, its yearnings after the unseen and eternal! The sweet and solemn chanting of the choir seemed to me the litany of the ages, the echo of the prayers of the dead and buried generations crying out for the living God. The monkish rhyme at the portal, we feel is no vain boasting: VT ROSA FLOS FLORVM SIC EST DOMVS ISTA DOMORVM.

This is the largest Gothic church in the kingdom, being 524 feet long and 222 feet wide. The central tower rises like a mighty cliff in the air, 212 feet high, and the western towers 200 feet. I shall never forget the majestic aspect of the gray old church, hoary with the rime of centuries, as I walked around it by moonlight, the high lights and the deep shadows investing it with an air of mystery and sublimity which made it seem scarce a thing of earth. The famous east window is the largest stained glass window in the world, being seventy-seven feet high and thirty-two feet wide. It was made in 1408, and the workman was paid "four shillings a week wages, and received a present of £10 when it was finished." The outside of the minster has a number of quaint gargoyles and effigies, representing, according to the legend, the evil spirits that religion casts out.

The view from the top of the tower is one of peculiar interest. The following is the graphic description from the graceful pen of that genial tourist, the Rev. David Savage:

"I begin these notes sitting on the summit of the central tower of the world-famed York Minster, to which place I have just ascended by its more than three hundred stone steps. The 'leads' of the tower roof are so hot under this July sun, that I have retired to a sheltered spot at the head of the stairway for rest and coolness. Within reach of my hand is the moss-covered

turreting which forms the parapet of the tower. Directly below me is the bright red tiling of the high-backed roofs of the city buildings. Quaint old York! What, pray, *could* have been the original plan of the city? Or was there a plan at all? So full is it of angular and circular conceits. Such narrow streets, too. Real estate must surely have had extravagant quotations in the early days of the royal borough. And so it



Mickle-gate Bar, York.

had, for within the city walls, and there only, was found protection and security to life and property. Roadways were thus at a discount, and thoroughfares a second thought. Hence the quirks and quavers of building, and lanes and streets made to suit the configuration of these circular walls below me. Hence the heptagons and pentagons and polygons, the acute angles and obtuse angles with which the whole city abounds.

"What a city of gates is York! Let me give some of their

names. Mouk-gate, Stone-gate, Peter-gate, Ness-gate, Ouse-gate, Copper-gate, Foss-gate, Good-ram-gate, Gilly-gate, Skelder-gate, Spurrier-gate, Friar-gate, Mickle-gate, Jubber-gate, Collier-gate, Walm-gate, etc. The names of these gates very fully explain the localities where they are situate. Spurrier-gate, for instance, indicates the neighbourhood where dwelt the artificers who wrought on spurs; Copper-gate, where might be found the coppersmiths; Jubber-gate, where lay the shambles. And so stereotyped is Old-world life that the butchers of York still congregate in its Jubber-gate,* their stalls to-day lining its narrow, crooked thoroughfare.

"The outlook on this bright summer morning, from my elevated point of observation, is very fine. Northward a rich and fertile plain rises gradually and evenly to the North York Wolds and the Hambledon Hills. Westward the Ouse—a sluggish stream, as its name, *Ooze*, implies—flows through a wooded plain, its waters bright in the morning sun. South-west is the hamlet of Holgate, Acombe, with its tapering church spire, and Severus' Hill, said to be an artificial mound, erected by the Romans over the remains of that emperor,—a rather apocryphal tradition, however. Southward the greater portion of the city extends right and left; the walls, the 'bars,' the castle, the various churches and other public buildings forming prominent objects of interest in the dense cluster of aforementioned old-fashioned red-tiled roofs.

"Bootham Bar is a grim arch which stands upon the site of one of the Roman gateways on the ancient walls, as proved by recent excavations. Of Walmgate Bar, I can only say that it is an exceedingly good specimen of the style of fortification used in the Middle-Ages. It claims to be the only 'Bar' having a 'Barbacan' attached, to be found in England. The 'Barbacan' was a drop-gate of iron which, on the outer gates being carried by the enemy, could be lowered, thus offering additional resistance to an invading force."

Mickle-gate Bar is the most graceful of them all, with its Tudor turrets and battlements, and cross-shaped loopholes, and warlike stone effigies at the top. Here the head of the Duke of York was exposed, and the ghastly spectacle greeted the gaze of his son, Edward the IV., as he rode into the town after the battle of Towton Field. Here, too, have whitened the heads of traitors down to as late as the last Jacobite Rebellion.

* Jubber is the Saxon word for butcher.

The ruined Abbey of St. Mary's, founded eight hundred years ago by William Rufus, reminds us of the cowled brotherhood whose worship or wassail once filled those shattered vaults, now open to rain and wind. The old walls, the quaint 'Bars,'

Bits near Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

or gates and the stern old castle, celebrated in Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' are grim relics of the stormy feudal times. But these seem but as of yesterday compared with the older Roman ruins, dating back to the first century. Here the Emperors Severus and Constantius died; here Caracalla and Constantine were crowned, if indeed the latter was not a native of the place.

The grand old shire, with its stately cathedral city, and its crowded towns—Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Whitby, Bradford, Barnsley, Scarborough, Halifax, Ripon, Wakefield, and half a score more; names that call up tender recollections in many a heart in many a foreign land—has many lovely and attractive scenes. Not a few of these cluster around the town of Knaresborough, a parliamentary borough and market town in the west riding of Yorkshire, on the left bank of the river Nidd. Sir Robert's Cave, in the vicinity, is noted for the murder committed there of Daniel Clarke, by Eugene Aram, in 1745. Says an ancient chronicle: "If you journey through Yorkshire, be sure to stop opposite the ruins of Knaresborough Castle, because on the banks of the Nidd you will find the celebrated dripping-well. Here the peasants wend their way to add to their humble fortunes by petrifying, and afterward selling to travellers, small sprigs of trees, such as the elder or ash, pieces of the elegant geranium, the wild angelica, or the lovely violet completely turned into obdurate stone."

Twenty gallons are poured forth every minute from the top of the Knaresborough cliff in perennial and pellucid fall. The beauty of the scene can only be appreciated by those who have stood upon the margin of these petrifying waters and beheld the crystal fluid descending from above with metallic fall. Other picturesque scenes, in the neighbourhood, are shown in our full page engraving.

Wakefield is another of the many historic Yorkshire towns. Here the Duke of York, to whom we have referred, was slain in battle on the last day of the year 1460. This was the home of Goldsmith's famous "Vicar of Wakefield." There are some fine houses. We give an example of a three-gabled structure, built about the time of the battle—a good example of ancient black and white timber-work.

In the picturesque valley of the Wharfe are two of the most exquisite ruins in England—Bolton Abbey and Fountains Abbey. Those old monks had admirable taste in selecting sites for their religious houses. They invariably chose the most fertile

valleys, the richest pastures, the best fishing streams, the fairest landscapes; and in many cases they were the pioneers of agriculture and even of civilization—the only depositaries of such learning and science as there was at that time. But with their growing wealth came growing corruption, and the notorious wickedness of many of the monasteries were at least a plausible excuse, if not a sufficent justification, for their secularization—although the plunder of their lands and treasures were the chief reason for the confiscating policy of that unscrupulous tyrant, Henry VIII. It was on very different grounds that John Knox and Oliver Cromwell waged their iconoclastic war

Old Timbered House, Wakefield.

against these hiding-places of monkish superstition. "Pull down their nests and the rooks will fly away," said Knox. Much that had the charm of beauty and of age was ruthlessly destroyed, and as we behold their shattered wrecks it is difficult to altogether excuse their destroyers. But we must remember that they were face to face along with a dominant and tyrannous and persecuting institution. They were engaged in fierce hand to hand war with a relentless foe. They were the champions of liberty, and by their toil and strife and blood the civil and religious rights that we to-day enjoy were won. Whittier's fine poem "The Reformer," interprets for us the true philosophy of that stern old religious iconoclasm.

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

"'Spare,' Art implored, 'yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;'
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, 'Forbear!'

"Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:
'Why smite,' he asked in sad surprise,
'The fair, the old!'

CRYPT, FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

"Yet louder rang the Stong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

"Calm grew the brows of him I feared:
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

"Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

Gateway, Kirkham Priory.

"These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

"Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

"Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death."

But we have wandered far from Fountain's Abbey—one of the most lovely of those old monastic ruins. Its slender shafts and roofless halls and crumbling walls appeals with a mute pathos to our imagination. The long corridor, with its vaulted roof, supported by a central row of columns with broad arches, is considered one of the most impressive religious remains in England.

Another exquisite ruin in this great shire is that of Kirkham Priory, near Castle Howard. We give a cut of its fine antique gateway. The ivy-mantled tower, the deep shadow of the arch, and the bright light of the court-yard within, make a picture of unusual beauty.

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## THE SPOTLESS ONE SLAIN.

BY THE REV. T. CLEWORTH.

THY spotless soul O Lord of life
Hath met Thy Father's holy will.
On stern Golgotha's rugged hill
The sacrificial work is rife.

They gave Thee curses for Thy love,
But Thou didst bless amidst their hate;
Well didst Thou rise in royal state
To fill the grandest seat above!

The gamblers diced upon Thy dress;
Poor sordid sons of sin and woe,
How little earth-bound spirits know
Of Thee, the robe of Righteousness.

They gave Thee vinegar, and gall;
The bitter world gives but its own,
The mists of sin still hide the throne
Where Thou art seated, All in All!

And sitting down they watched Thee there;
Cool sinners scorning at Thy pain.
'Tis well that Thou should'st come again
And fill the scorner with despair.

Thou art my Lord, the crucified,
Reviled, and scorned, but God's own Son;
Thou hast eternal blessing won
For all who in Thy work confide.

From Golgotha to Zion's height
We trace Thy course; the dead is risen!
Arise my soul from sin's dark prison
To praise Thy Resurrection's might.

MORVEN, Ont.

# VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

## III.

### THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS—GHIZEH AND HELIOPOLIS.

Down through some of the wide French-like streets of modern Cairo, lined with handsome residences embowered in luxuriant gardens full of nodding palms and graceful tree-ferns, and clustered all over with brilliant creepers; across the great bridge of Kaso-el-Nil, with a view of the historic river and its huge lateen-sailed boats; through a quaint country market at the farther end of the bridge, crowded with studies for ethnologist and artist, and vociferous with the hoarse and unintelligible shouts of the dusty vendors; passing now a solemn-paced series of heavily-laden camels, now a tiny, patient little donkey with a huge Mussulman squatting on its back—making one feel as if he ought to be carrying the animal rather than the animal him, sitting nevertheless with as imperturbable gravity and as patriarchical dignity as though part of the eternal fitness of things; we pass the handsome though ill-kept palace of Ghizeh, one of the gorgeous residences of the Khedive, and then through a flat fertile country covered with cornfields, along a fine broad road terminating in a grand avenue of acacia trees for the last mile or two before reaching the Pyramids.

It was hard for me to realize that I was really about to have fulfilled one of the cherished dreams of my boyhood, and that I was really not now dreaming, but in very deed beside the mighty and mysterious pyramids. It was no dream, however, for there, as we drove through the avenue, lay the clean sands of the Lybian Desert; and those wonderful piles before me—one, two, three, in close proximity to each other—were indeed the far-famed Pyramids of Ghizeh.

"Soldiers," cried Napoleon, as he addressed his troops preparatory to that battle fought at their feet, "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you." What a thrill in the thought. Forty centuries—four thousand years, how they bring one back, through what vistas of vicissitude and various

circumstance, through what strange pages of history—away, away, away, beyond the scenes and sights and interests of the present, till the mind gets bewildered, and the spirit stands silent and subdued at the thought of the ever-constant law of mutation and decay. There they stand, witnessing the ravages of time, yet scarcely feeling it themselves. The shifting sands drift around their base, and the unclouded sun beats fierce upon their sides, yet they still stand unmoved, immovable; and stand they will, till the last sunset shall tinge their western slopes with evening glory, and time shall give place to the everlasting years of God.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh and the Sphinx.

What conjectures have arisen through long ages, and especially in modern days, as to the purpose of the Pyramids. Some have guessed them to be granaries built by Joseph; others, temples of Venus; observatories for the ancient astrologers; reservoirs for purifying the Nile waters; mausolea for the Egyptian kings; while one modern writer, with infinite ingenuity, and certainly, with considerable plausibility, has attempted to prove that the Great Pyramid was erected to preserve certain stand-

ard measures of capacity and dimension. The most reasonable conclusion, however, the one that more and more convinces you as you think, is that they are tombs—the tombs of Egyptian kings from the fourth to the twelfth dynasty. Like the rude cromlechs of the Celts, they are solid mounds raised over sepulchres.

When a king began to reign almost his first care was the erection of his tomb. Shut off by his sacred rank from the society of his fellowmen, he lived a lonely life and longed, or at least looked forward gladly, for the time to come when he should be gathered to the company of his peers in the heavenly world. Troops of labourers were gathered from all parts of the kingdom and a shaft was sunk in the rock at the chosen point, with a chamber at a suitable depth, for the reception of the sarcophagus. Over this chamber a pyramidal mass of square blocks of stone was gradually erected, increasing in height and breadth as long as the sovereign lived, and closed and smoothed off by a final course of bevelled stones when his embalmed body had been laid safely away.

There are seventy pyramids in Egypt, all between 29° and 30° north latitude, and all on the west bank of the Nile. Their sides face the cardinal points and their entrances are on the north. Of these the most remarkable are perhaps those at Sakkarah, already described, but the most famous and most widely known are those of Ghizeh.

The Great Pyramid was originally 480 feet nine inches high, and its base 760 feet square, with a slope of 51°; and although it has been reduced in height and size by the removal of the exterior blocks for the building of Cairo, you will form some idea of its mighty mass if you realize that it is one hundred feet higher than the top of St. Paul's in London, and that it covers an area of twelve acres of land.

No sooner had we arrived at the foot of the Great Pyramid than we were seized upon by a horde of white-robed Arabs, the dependents of the sheikh who has the right of furnishing guides for its ascent, and with whom our dragoman had already made arrangements. Two swarthy, stalwart, cunning-faced rogues took me in charge, chattering meanwhile in the most curious English. "You go up the Pyramid, sir? Yes, sir. We take you up safe, sir. Me good guide, sir, take many gentleman up." Meantime I had reached the first tiers of stone and the mounting began. A well-worn and polished zig-zag track,

where the huge stones had been in places broken a bit and hollowed for hand-grips, showed where the ascent was to be made.

"Houp la!" exclaimed my swarthy friends as they gripped me firmly, one by each hand, and half lifted me over the first few steps. It was no joke, for the steps were as high as an ordinary table, and the Arabs were careful to give no more help than they were obliged. To them it was evidently child's play, to me it was a new experience. A fall would have been an ugly matter, but they kept too firm a grip of my hands to fear that. "We take you up first, first gentleman on top of pyramid;" this was their suggestion as we rested for a moment midway. But I was not ambitious; and, indeed, I was panting and palpitating, already with the unwonted exertion. So I said, "No, thank you," very emphatically, and pursued, with as much equanimity as I could muster the uneven tenor of my way.

It was more startling than pleasant to look down over the broken ridges that lay between me and terra firma, especially as we neared the top, and it gave me some idea of the stupendous size of the building to see my fellow-travellers with their attendants crawling like scattered flies over its side. At length, with a shout, my Arabs pulled me up the last step, and I set foot upon the top. Here there is a flat surface of perhaps twelve feet square or more, large enough certainly to hold a good many people. Panting and puffing, and looking generally demoralized and a little bit scared, our party, one by one, arrived at the summit. One old American lady, a genuine down-easter, sharp of face, strong of mind, and peculiarily nasal of accent, arrived tired but triumphant. She was sixty-two years of age, but her spirit was in its teens.

There is a fine view from the summit over the level land around, on the one side across the dreary desert stretching away until lost in the horizon, on the other over the green fields of the Nile Valley with, in the distance, the bright line of the sunlit river, and the roofs and glistening minarets of Cairo. The two other pyramids, a good deal dwarfed by being looked down upon, lay close at hand, and one of the guides, after much importunity succeeded in getting sufficient backsheesh, or the promise of it, to attempt a run down the side of the Great Pyramid and up to the top of the second and back in, I think, ten minutes, and he did it in the time.

Meanwhile the other guides were busy trying to sell old

Roman coins, scarabs, bits of curiously carven stone, and other antiques; and keeping up a rapid and continuous demand for backsheesh. "You satisfied with me? Me good guide?" a fellow would say. "Yes, I'm very well satisfied with you." "Good. Me satisfy you in bring you up and down safe, you satisfy me with good backsheesh."

I planted my camera on the top of the Pyramid and focussed it for the nearest, the second Pyramid; but, between the glare of the sun, the strength of the wind and the bothering of the guide, I failed to get a fixture. After remaining perhaps twenty minutes on the top, we commenced the descent, which is managed much more expeditiously, and a good deal less laboriously than the climb up. Indeed, one of my guides, in his lightened responsibility, became quite communicative, and confided to me many particulars of his family history, which I must admit I have forgotten.

Arrived at the bottom, those of us who intended going into the interior of the Pyramid followed our guides to the opening of the shaft leading to the internal chamber, and were soon crawling in a painfully constrained posture along the low and narrow gallery leading to the King's chambers. As my guide and I were creeping along in the darkness, what was my amazement to hear him ask, "Sir, will you want some magnesium wire to light up the room when we get inside?" Of all incongruous things, it seemed to me the most extraordinary to be offered the modern appliance of magnesium wire by a half-savage Arab in the heart of the Great Pyramid! But I told him my friend had already provided some for our use, and so his expectation of additional backsheesh was disappointed.

The central chamber is, I believe, some seventeen feet by thirty-four, and nineteen feet in height. It is ventilated by two narrow flues, and is built entirely of red granite syenite, which must have been somehow brought hither from the great quarries of Syene, far up at the First Cataract of the Nile. Here is the celebrated sarcophagus, if so it may be called, which Prof. Piazzi Smith affirms to be no tomb at all, but a standard measure of capacity, of which the British quarter is the fourth part. The measurements I believe are seven feet six and a half inches long, three feet three inches broad, and three feet five inches high.

Around this famous and enigmatic receptacle, I prevailed on some of our party to group themselves, and then stationing our

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

Arabs with pieces of magnesium wire in their hands to be lighted simultaneously when all was ready, essayed a photograph. The result was curious enough, silhouette-like and dim, a picture of ghosts—but these ghosts are after all hardly out of place in the central darkness of the Great Pyramid.

After luncheon and a few minutes of rest, both of which were very welcome after the morning's fatigue and heat, for the sun was pouring down his rays from an unclouded sky, we turned our steps to visit the Sphinx and the temples, or rather ruins of temples, near by.

It is difficult to give an adequate impression of the size of this mysterious and monstrous statue, whose eyes have looked out over the varying fortunes of this land of wonders with something of eternal calm, of repose which neither human passions nor elemental strife have done much to shake. The Arabs call it Abou Hool, the Father of Mystery or of Immensity, a fitting name, truly. It is hewn out of the rock, all except the forepaws which are of squared stone, and which once embraced a miniature temple. In the old times this head bore either the royal helmet or a rams' horns, and it must have towered sixty feet above the altar of sacrifice built between its feet. According to Pliny, it originally measured to the highest part of the head 63 feet, was 143 feet in length, and was 60 feet in circumference around the brows. Its exact dimensions are, I believe, 172 feet six inches long and 56 feet high.

For many a long year, the drifting sands enveloped this mighty image almost to the shoulders, and buried its temples completely. So it is represented in most photographs in my readers' knowledge. Now, however, thanks to Mariette Bey, the encroaching sand has been largely removed and the massive body and limbs can be seen. There is something not unpleasant, something, indeed, of a certain type of beauty, much of dignity, much of awsomeness in those massives features, battered and defaced though they are by centuries of exposure to elemental abrasion and human vandalism.

The Sphinx, "the Watcher," facing the dawn of uncounted days, is an embodiment of faith in the resurrection. He is Harmachis—the Rising Sun. In the temple between his feet was found a tablet inscribed with the names of its builders, Thothmes III., and Rameses the Great, but the Sphinx himself was centuries old even in that far-off time. In the adjacent temple were found statues of Kephren, the builders

of the second Pyramid; and doubtless the colossal statue dates from the time of the earliest dynasties—centuries before Abraham journeyed hither, a princely shepherd sheikh; or Joseph saved the teeming population from terrible famine; or Moses shook the heart of its stern and stubborn sovereign with the awful portents of Jehovah's wrath.

### Heliopolis.

On the last of the days of our sojourn in Cairo we drove out to Heliopolis. A charming drive it was over the road past Abou Seer, away out over a pleasant country, fresh and fertile, whose wide horizon expanded under the bright atmostphere of the spring morning. In the midst of fields of waving corn, with a few trees around it, stood a tall, graceful obelisk, the only surviving evidence of the wealth and beauty of the sacred city of On, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, the centre of the wisdom and learning of ancient Egypt, the Oxford University of the empire, where Joseph wooed and won the fair Asenath, daughter of one of its attendant priests; where Moses sat, doubtless, at the feet of the hoary sages of old-time philosophy: where Jeremiah wrote his lamentations, and where Plato dwelt for thirteen years, and learned that great doctrine of the immortality of the soul, of which he writes so gloriously on the Phaedo.

I had seen Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment its tall shaft reflected in the waters of the river, its quaint old-world symbols recalling the busy scenes of a long-buried past amid the bustling civilization of the Modern Babylon. I stood that morning beside a sister obelisk, on the spot where long, long centuries ago Osirtesen I. the great King of the Twelfth Dynasty, reared its massive granite monolith, still sixty-seven feet above the accumulated debris that buries its base, and carved deep upon its sides the hieroglyphs of a decayed civilization, and of an outworn, because inadequate, creed. There it stands alone, overlooking the corn-fields that cover the side of the famous seat of religion and learning, sole visible evidence that the grave of a buried city lies beneath the waving gold.

Life to the ancient Egyptians was important only as the vestibule of death, the initial process, educative and probationary, of the grand development and eternal, to which death was the portal. There he was, in the truest and best sense, a very religious man. His calculations were based beyond the limit

of the grave, his compass of motive and ideal swept a circle whose radius was infinite. The very grandeur of the building he has left behind him, the stupendous toil, the vast cost, the long, slow laborious years which have gone to build these piles of marvellous masonry, the reverent unrestricting care and skill which give us to-day the bodies of those whose souls passed hence four thousand years ago, all speak volumes of eloquent and unequivocal testimony to the great basilar truth which underlay his motives, and gave order, sequence, aye, and even sublimity, to his faith and to his life. How is it that the Pyramids of Ghizeh and the Obelisk of On affect one, if not more loftily, yet more tenderly and subtilely than the mightier masses of Nature's workmanship? How is it that the Sphinx, with stern, sad, inscrutable gaze fixed through forty centuries, upon the rising sun, solemnizes one as doth a sunset? Is it not because a they speak to us of the hopes, the yearnings, the convictions, the life-struggles of men like ourselves, believers in the infinity of God and the immortality of the soul? They stand in the solitude, the hush of a graveyard is all around them, but the very winds that sweep the dun sands like snowdrifts at their base seem filled with the thrill of an unending future, while they pulse with the intensely human pathos of a life and a race that are past.

## TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
  Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait,
  Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

O strange delusion! that I did not greet
  Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,
  If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.

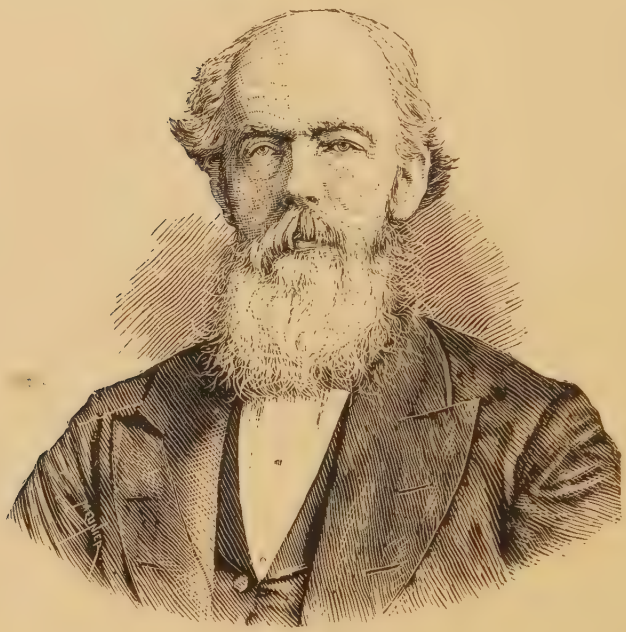
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
  "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
  How He persists to knock, and wait for thee!"

And oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
  "To-morrow we will open," and replied,
  And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

—*Longfellow.*

# IN MEMORIAM—JAMES FERRIER.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, B.D.*



Hon. James Ferrier.

How touchingly pathetic the thought, that in the closing services of this time-honoured sanctuary—this City Road Chapel, nay, this Westminster Abbey of Canadian Methodism, this monument of faith and love and devotion of the people—we pay the tribute of respect, and shed the tears of affection over the great man and prince in our Israel, whose name will be forever associated with St. James' Street Methodist Church, and inseparably linked with the history of Methodism in this city and land.

With the closing of the portals of this house of God has closed the mortal existence and activity of its most munificent supporter, the Hon. Senator Ferrier. But, brethren, though

* Abridged from the sermon preached in Great St. James' Street Church, Montreal, on the occasion of the death of the late Senator Ferrier.

the standard-bearers fall, and church walls crumble; though the crown of honour, the conspicuous personality of this church, is gone, and our loss is irreparable, yet this is the solace of our hearts, the Master still cares for His Church, and will provide for its need. The trusted worker is gone, yet the work will live, and the beautiful church in yonder square, that is lifting its towers and minarets to the skies, will proclaim to future generations the zeal, liberality and loyalty of the old St. James' Street congregation, and perpetuate the name of the venerable man who, a year ago, amid impressive ceremonies, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, laid its corner stone, striking it with the same mallet which he had used forty-three years before, when he had laid the corner-stone of this church, after the structure built in 1821 was found to be inadequate to the wants of the worshippers of that day.

What an example of steadfastness we have in the life of Senator Ferrier. Born in Scotland, October 22nd, 1800, at the beginning of this century, at the age of twenty-one he came out to Canada, when the colony was largely a *terra incognita*, and it required a spirit of determination and self-reliance to face the difficulties and hardships of a new country. But he was the son of the hills, dowered with strength, and ready to labour and endure. Starting with very moderate means, by diligence and enterprise, combined with the strictest integrity, with clear intellect, a well-balanced judgment, a prompt and untiring energy, this many-sided business man achieved such amazing success, that in twelve years he had amassed a competent fortune. A stranger in the city, he was invited by that regal man, the late John Torrance, to his pew in the old St. James' Street Church, and the services of Methodism so won upon him that he cast in his lot with this people of God. He gave his young heart fully to God and His work, and steadfast in his adherence to the truth, firm and unswerving in his religious convictions, by his pure, true, earnest life, his zeal, liberality his high honour and faithful service, he has done more to build up and strengthen the Church in her Educational, Missionary and Church-extension movements than perhaps any other layman that God has given to Canadian Methodism.

There was another element worthy of note in the Christian character of our distinguished friend, whose busy hands are now folded, whose brain sleeps, and whose active feet are now

still. His will was iron; while his heart had a mother's tenderness, his purpose was rooted like the oak.

> "Rocks have been shaken from their solid base,
> But what can move a firm and dauntless mind?"

His life was not built on shifting sands, but founded on the Rock of Righteousness. He had deep convictions, firm Christian principles, and he shaped his life by them. As a young man working his way upwards—as an active merchant, a senator and law-maker, in every position, from the humblest to the highest, in every duty, in every responsibility—he trod the path of rectitude. He could not be moved to do a dishonourable thing. His honour, his Christian consistency he would not barter for place nor gold; and an upright, spotless, untarnished name was the ornament of his old age, and is now the priceless heritage of his children and children's children. Having yielded himself to God, he could not go back. He was a good citizen because he was a good Christian, and unswerving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ was the deepest source of his strength, the sure pillar of his integrity, the fountain of his benefactions, and the comfort of his declining years. He was a member of the Church, not in name only, but in deed and truth, and was ready to devote every moment of his time, every faculty of his being, every particle of his influence, and every dollar of his money to the glory of his Master.

Was ever tireless energy and activity more completely embodied in any servant of the Master than in him whose record is now on high? His name has stood conspicuously for threescore years and ten associated with the growth and development of this city, and with the social, educational, commercial and political life of Canada; a director of the Bank of British North America, and for six years President of the Mutual Assurance Company, a lieutenant-colonel in the militia of 1837, a mayor of the city, and a municipal officer of integrity and purity and sound judgment. Called by a royal *mandamus* to a seat in the Legislative Council, he has for nearly fifty-years taken an active part in the legislation of the Province of Quebec and of the country at large.

Engaged in many of the leading enterprises, he was the projector and president of the first Canadian railroad, and has been for years the Chairman of the Canadian Board of the Grand Trunk Railway. Interested in the advancement of

learning, he was the Chancellor of the growing University of McGill—an institution that is becoming world-known—and a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria University. Identified with all philanthropic movements, he has been for a generation the President of the Bible Society. Why, when we sum up the achievements of his life, we are amazed that one man could accomplish so much. Yet, did any or all of these things hinder his activity in the work of God, or dampen a zeal which sacrificed everything upon the altar of the Church? Never. As soon as he took his place among the disciples of the Lord Jesus, he endeavoured in all things to approve himself a faithful member of the Church, seeking her honour and usefulness. Small in body, he was yet wiry and strong, for that frame was dominated by a master-spirit, a vigorous and unconquerable will; and he entered forcefully into all the activities of the Church, and made his presence and influence felt in all her councils.

He could not bear indolence, laziness, or inactivity. And with his heart set on doing good, and all his energies quickened, what his hand found to do he did with all his might.

From 1823 he was a trustee of the Church. In 1837 we find the record of his fitting up a building in Quebec suburbs at his own expense for the public worship of God, and keeping it free of expense until 1846, when the present Lagauchetière Street Church was erected. He has given largely towards the erection and the liquidation of the debts of the Methodist churches of the city. Fitted to be a leader among men, he has filled every office in the gift of the Church—steward, class-leader, delegate to the Annual and General Conferences, and Superintendent of the Sabbath-school. The oldest Sunday-school superintendent in the world, he demonstrated that the weight of over four-score years does not incapacitate for efficient labour among the young. Aged men before me were children in his school.

He identified himself with the Educational movement of the Church, and as long as one stone stands upon another will the name of Hon. Senator Ferrier be associated with the Wesleyan Theological College, and Dr. Douglas, the learned Principal whose eloquent words should have been heard this morning in place of my feeble utterances, had he not been shaken with emotions too tumultuous for speech, has lost his wisest counsellor, his most noble, unselfish, strong and trusted friend. His

gifts and his labours were not confined to his own Church. He was the helper of every good cause, and threw all the weight of his fortune and his influence on the side of Christianity. He was the living representative of energy, force, undaunted will-power, and unprecedented activity in the Master's service; and now that the long day's work is done, his is a well-earned repose.

Already our translated friend has received a portion of his reward. See him as he treads the golden streets, his first Sabbath in heaven; see ten thousand hands stretched out to greet him; see, shining beyond the stars, twice ten thousand eyes brightening at his coming; see, swelling in ten thousand bosoms, hearts throbbing his welcome; see him recognized by one and another, who stop him and say to him, "Do you remember, down on earth, when you took me by the hand to help me, when you gave of your means to relieve my distress, when, in the Sabbath-school, you led me to Jesus? When I think of my Saviour, and praise Him for His salvation, I think of you." How great the reward of turning "many to righteousness!" O, to hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Dear friends, the work of this Church has not been in vain.

> "All else may die, and be forgot;
> Work done for God, that dieth not."

The very memories of this sanctuary are as joybells. I remember, when were sailing up the sluggish river to Antwerp, how anxious we were to reach the city before noon, that we might hear the cathedral bells: and all the while that we remained, every hour the weird, delicious music rang out from those fifty or sixty bells, filling the air with sweetness.

So the songs and prayers and sermons of this historic sanctuary echo like the ringing of cathedral bells in the soul, and the precious associations will hallow the spot of ground forever. But the old must continually give place to the new. No doubt, with similar feelings, the church of 1821 was abandoned for the grander enterprise of this Zion, which now you leave to prepare to enter another, which, in location, style of architecture and appointments promises to be one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the Protestant world.

What a day was that opening day, the 27th of July, 1845. "The Lord was in His holy temple." The Governor-General, Lord Metcalfe, attended in state; the eloquent Dr. Richey

preached a sermon full of majesty of thought, beauty of diction and spiritual unction, and the cloud of glory descended and rested upon the place. Since then what a galaxy of pastors this church has had—a Jenkins, a DeWolfe, a Lachlan Taylor, a William Squire, a saintly Bishop, an Elliott, a Douglas, a Briggs, a Sutherland, a John Potts, a Leonard Gaetz, who, under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, in broken health, turns his thoughts to us to-day, even as we think of him and his fervid ministry. What throned kings have, from time to time, occupied this pulpit! A William Morley Punshon, the Apollos of Methodism; and a Henry Ward Beecher, a Dixon, a Thornton, a William Arthur, a Gervase Smith, a Coley, and a Bishop Taylor; a Newman and a Bishop Janes; a Butler, a Tiffany, a Newman Hall, and a James Caughey, who won hundreds to the Saviour, that shall be his crown of rejoicing. How these walls have echoed the song of salvation from new-born souls, and the shouts of redeemed hosts. This church has spent in its own legitimate work not less than half a million of dollars, while it has contributed to the cause of missions alone, during the past thirty years, $111,000. And when we think of the young that have been guided into the right way, the wayward that have been reclaimed, the sorrowing cheered; when we think of the noble lives that have been inspired, and the thousands of deaths that have been made triumphant, surely our hearts should be jubilant with the thought. What a roll of honoured laymen associated with this house of the Lord—Daniel Fisher, John and David Torrance, John and Samuel Mathewson, Thos. Kay, William Lunn, Robert Campbell, Richard Latham, John Hilton, William McBride, and a host of worthies, whose names are written in heaven.

I was in Washington a few weeks ago, and went out to the Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, on the wooded heights of the beautiful Potomac. And while I read the names of thousands upon the headstones, what touched me most was the moument to the unknown heroes who died for their country. Their names were not recorded, but they were not forgotten. So there are a great cloud of witnesses, their names, perhaps, unrecorded here, who have gone up to the company of the glorified.

But standing out from all others is the name of him upon whose face we but yesterday looked for the last time, and whose mortal remains we have laid away Mount Royal Cemetery. A genuine sorrow has sought to find expression for the loss of

one of the most honest, active, and useful citizens that Montreal has ever had. Love prepared those obsequies, love wreathed those floral mementoes, and it is love that dictates the tribute which we pay to his upright memory. To have been the centre of so many influences—to have awakened throughout so large a circle sentiments of affection and esteem, to have borne testimony for three quarters of a century to the reality and power of religion, to have been a friend of the poor and weak, the succourer of many, as well as a public benefactor and a friend of all the Churches, and then to die amid the general and unaffected sorrow of a great community—is not to have lived in vain!

The closing scene was a brief one. His illness was not long, but severe. Watched with tender solicitude by children and grandchildren, his life was ebbing away. There he lay, in the fulness of years, and with his spirit ripening for the heavenly harvest. How appropriate the language of Scripture, "They have come to the grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Prayers were offered, and hymns were sung. The dying patriarch said to his son, "I feel that Jesus is precious; He is all my trust and stay," when suddenly and silently came the last messenger; the heavy breathing ceased, the heart stopped, the sufferings were over, and his freed spirit passed upward into life.

"Jesus is precious" were among his last words. O, how precious to the dying saint.

> "Jesus can make the dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pinions are,
> While on His breast I lay my head.
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Infinitely beyond everything else, more precious than all that he had earned of wealth or honour, was his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. This alone remained in death, and this abides, making his name great in heaven.

Oh, think of Mr. Ferrier's friends that came trooping down to the river shore to meet him; the members of his family, who had passed through the gates into the city, his Mary and George and Robert, and the angel-faced companion of his pilgrimage, his precious wife. How distinctly I remember them as they used to tread together the courts of the Lord's house—, his kind, strong hand supporting her, their faces irradiated with the heavenly light of pure affection, as they sat there in that

vacant pew, after more than half a century of wedded love. How tender his devotion to her; finding the hymns and the lessons, adjusting her seat; so anxious that she should hear every word of the discourse. Now they meet again. It is better far than their golden wedding day. Dearer and fonder their hands clasp as of old, and they are "forever with the Lord."

Dear friends, I call upon you to forget in him all that was of earth, earthy—all that he had of human infirmities—and reach forward in his character to all that is "immortal." What a loss this church has sustained. It is as when a standard-bearer falleth. We cry after him as Elisha cried after Elijah, with an almost despairing cry: "My father, my father; the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." Who, who will take his place? There is so much to be done, and the workers are so few. Lord, send down a double portion of Thy spirit upon us who are left behind!

Into the sacred sorrow of the household we must not intrude. God comfort the sorrowing, especially the daughter, whose hands have been busy, her feet active, and her whole life given, for many years, in unselfish devotion to her parents. Blessed the children who have parents here, thrice blessed they who have a glorified ancestry in parents passed into the skies.

> "God of our fathers, be the God
> Of their succeeding race."

May the children and children's children, down to the fourth generation, be blessed to-day; and may they, like their grandsire, give God and His Church the highest place in their affections.

Of our translated friend we say, "Farewell, dear father; honoured in life, peaceful in death, blessed in eternity." The monument we raise to his memory is no broken column, sad emblem of failure and incompleteness, but a finished column, strong, complete and lifted high!

> "Servant of God, well done;
> Thy glorious warfare's past;
> The battle's fought, the victory won,
> And thou art crowned at last."

And robing ourselves in the garments of the holy departed, we would follow him even as he followed Christ, and "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

# THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES AND THE "FORWARD MOVEMENT" OF ENGLISH METHODISM.*

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.

ON the northern verge of that labyrinth of squares, lying between Oxford Street and the Euston Road, is the quiet little London street where the leader of the "Forward Movement" in Wesleyan Methodism has lately made his home.

*From *The Quiver*. London: Cassell & Co.

Dull and possibly dreary it might be, but for the trees of Gordon Square and Endsleigh Gardens which wave at either end. Yet the dulness may not be without its compensation, for it is quiet; and up-stairs in Mr. Hughes's dwelling is a little room—quite silent for central London—where, surrounded by his books, and with an outlook on a little enclosure which does duty for garden, he thinks out his work or transacts his business as director of that novel religious movement, the Wesleyan West-End Mission.

The position is characteristic. While by no means insensible to the charms of æstheticism and of what may be called the hallowed romance and tender poetry which cling around many a minister's life and home, yet everything must be sacrificed for the successful prosecution of the work to which he has been called.

And what is that work? Briefly, it is the management of the new Evangelistic Movement which Wesleyans have recently begun in the West End of London. Further, he is one of the leaders—if not the principal—of what is called the Forward Movement. This is a movement of which aggressive mission work is part and parcel, and which, as he himself expresses it, strives to show the people that Jesus Christ is the best Friend they ever had, and that His principles will do more for them than Socialism; that Christianity should influence all aspects of social life, and is not "played out," but that it has a message for men and women now, to-day, in this life as well as for the life that is to come.

He seems just the man for the new Mission. Full of enthusiasm, earnestness, "go," he unites culture and learning with a popular style and a sympathetic voice. A somewhat tall, spare figure, dressed in ordinary clerical garb, with a fund of feeling and kindliness in his calm eyes, which yet can flash out finely on occasion, he is just the man to attract and control large audiences, without repelling the refined or sensitive. He is emphatically what our American cousins would call a "live man."

He is yet young, having been born in 1847, at Carmarthen, in South Wales, where his father is to-day a highly esteemed medical man, and, like himself, a staunch Wesleyan. His grandfather was a Wesleyan minister, and notable if only for this, that he was the first Welshman ever elected a member of the Legal Hundred. After preaching in various towns, and for some time

at Oxford, Mr. Hughes was removed to Brixton, in the south of London, and in the autum of 1887 was relieved from the charge of a pastorate in order to devote himself to the special evangelistic work in the West End. And it is perhaps characteristic of the man that he then set to work to find a house, as he himself told us, within walking distance of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, to avoid Sunday travelling.

"You regard the new Mission work of Wesleyan Methodism as its most important phase, Mr. Hughes?"

His eyes flash out with rare enthusiasm as the answer instantly comes—

"It is the *vital* phase! And this West-End Mission upon which we have entered is the key to the position. It is our Malakoff! Everyone feels that. During the last twelve years we have witnessed a revival of the old enthusiastic aggressive Methodist spirit. A new generation had arisen which had not passed through that paralysing strife and schism of '49, which seemed to cause the feeling that our race was run and our day was over. Older members were fearful of innovations, remembering that schism. But the new generation does not dread change, and so gradually a feeling arose that we must be aggressive. Ten years ago Conference accepted temperance work and Bands of Hope as an integral part of our Church activity. Then laymen were admitted to Conference for the first time—a great blessing, which has largely helped the Forward Movement. Again, we were the first body which protested against certain Acts of Parliament which we believed to be immoral. All these things brought us more into touch with the time.

"Ultimately there were three marked developments in the Forward Movement:—

"(1) An extraordinary interest in the villages; (2) a growing feeling that we have not been holding our own in the great centres of population; and lastly (3) the great enterprise in London.

"Now with regard to the first. We have been making exhaustive inquiries, and we are now publishing more complete returns as to the state of our villages than have ever been published before. We find there are about 19,000 small towns and villages in England, each having less than 3,000 inhabitants, and there is some branch of Methodism in 10,000 of these. Thus there are 9,000 of such villages in which Methodism is

not represented; but during the last twenty years we have occupied 500 villages. Of course, in some of these 9,000 the Church of England, and other Nonconformist bodies than ourselves, are represented. But while carefully avoiding all competition with every other evangelical Church, it is now our fixed resolve as soon as possible to preach the Gospel in every village. Our organization, utilising the aid of our local preachers, enables us to do this, and to do it at small cost. We feel a special responsibility in this work, and under our new Home Mission Secretary, the Rev. J. E. Clapham, we are begining a new campaign in the villages, the like of which has never been seen since the days of Wesley. The Rev. Thomas Champness, too, has started a new order of evangelists—paid lay agents of a new class—and the Home Mission Committee are utilizing these men with much success

"Then with regard to our position in large provincial towns. We find some of our large chapels in the great centres of population half-empty. (This, it may be remarked parenthetically, does not appear to be an experience with which the Wesleyan denomination is alone familiar, for the same causes seem to be at work in all.) Some of the people have gone to the suburbs, and the services are not adapted to those who dwell in the neighbourhood. Therefore, we are going to alter everything to secure the ear of the people. A splendid experiment has been crowned with success at Manchester. There, we had Oldham Street Chapel, which used to be crowded; it became nearly empty. The place was pulled down and rebuilt in an entirely altered manner at a cost of £50,000. There is a fine hall upstairs, holding 1,500 people, and it is always crowded. Underneath, facing the street, are several shops, which are let to good tenants.

"It is the alteration in the services which have wrought the change. Seat-rents are abolished. We have a band, short prayers, hymns printed for each day, and bright, brief, pithy addresses. From elaborate inquiries made by the Rev. S. F. Collier, the director of this Mission, it has been found that seventy-five per cent. of the attendants never went before to a place of worship. This is the kind of thing we mean to do in the large towns. Some of us have been agitating for it for years. A similar experiment is now to be made in Birmingham; and we have been equally successful both in Clerkenwell and in the East End of London. Thus, you see, in addition to our

ordinary work, which suits some people, we are going to have a distinctly different kind of service, of a popular type and evangelistic in character.

"But thirdly, our great enterprise is—London, the greatest city in the world, a little world in itself. Now, Wesleyan Methodism has never flourished in London as in some of the country districts. It took but little root until, some twenty years ago, some excellent laymen started the chapel-building fund. Since then, some ninety chapels have been built, at a cost of about half a million of money. But we felt these were all for the middle class; they were not in inner London. We felt we ought to do more for the masses. After prolonged discussion, therefore, we started the London Mission.

"Now, I would like to say here that the Wesleyan London Mission is *one and indivisible.* The enterprise of which I have been appointed director is simply the West-End branch of that Mission. A beginning was made at St. George's-in-the-East, near Ratcliff Highway. The chapel there used to be deserted. It was handed over to my friend, the Rev. Peter Thompson, who has done there much the same as has been done at Oldham Street, Manchester. A number of ladies and gentlemen come from wealthier quarters to help in the work, and thus the rich and the poor are brought together. For in this Forward Movement we recognize that we must provide for social wants as well as spiritual, and among other triumphs, Mr. Thompson and his friends have captured 'Paddy's Goose,' a notorious public-house, and use it for the rational recreation and benefit of the people.

"In Clerkenwell, the Rev. Edward Smith has again done much the same thing. The idea being to adapt the place to the people, and to care for them socially as well as what may be called 'spiritually.' Near by also is the Whitecross Street Mission, carried on by boys and old scholars of our Leys School, Cambridge. This is also doing a good work.

"But, as I have said, the West-End Mission is our Malakoff. There we found a greater Methodist wilderness than anywhere else. There live 400,000 people without any Methodist chapel. The West End seems to me the headquarters of wickedness. Satan's seat is there. It is the Vanity Fair of the world.

"Now there are thousands of young Methodists employed in the West End for whom we have done nothing. Further, it is a cosmopolitan spot; political refugees congregate there; every-

thing seems to gravitate there; and without disparaging the work of other Churches, we believe we have a work in this cosmopolitan district, in this centre of the realm.

"What do we propose to do? Well, we do not exactly know. That is our glory. We place ourselves in the hands of God and say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?' The problem is so complicated, we must keep our minds open; we will not be tied by red tape.

"But I wish to say that the Mission will be very catholic in its basis. We shall heartily welcome the co-operation of all Churches, and any converts whom we hope to make will be at perfect liberty to join any Church they may please.

"Further, music will play a prominent part. We shall have a brass band and an orchestra, and we shall endeavour to secure the most suitable agents in various branches of the work. My first application was to Mark Guy Pearse, who is so well known by his books. He will take certain services, but he will not share the responsibility of the Mission. He will preach on Sunday mornings and on Fridays, when we hope to have such a noonday service in the West End as Dr. Parker holds every Thursday at the City Temple. Then on Sunday afternoons we propose to have a somewhat peculiar service. It will take the form of a Conference, when we hope that many Christians, belonging to various departments of life, will be able to testify to the value of Christianity in the business or profession to which they belong. There are many, perhaps, who could not preach or write, who could yet take part in such a conference. Such a service will be attractive to men. We want to show that Jesus Christ is the best Friend the human race has ever had. This is a side of Christianity that must be presented.

"Well, then there are thousands of young people in the West-End shops. What have they to do in the evening? We want to get hold of them, and encourage them to join choral societies and social evenings, and so forth. Also, we hope to have a Medical Mission, and likewise a Christian Workers' Home, where Christian ladies, who will give themselves up to the work, might live. I have long felt that ladies might give themselves to such work as do the 'sisters' and nuns, etc., in the Churches of England and of Rome, without, however, taking the vows, and so on, considered necessary in those communities.

"As to buildings, we have taken St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, for Sundays and Fridays only, at a rent of £1,200 a year, and

in addition to this the London Congregational Union have in a most brotherly manner placed their hall in Wardour Street at our disposal. We intend to have something going on there every night—for young people and artisans principally. On Saturday nights we intend to have a really first-rate concert there. You see, the principle of social provision for the people will be fully illustrated. But it must be understood that all arrangements are for the present temporary. What we must aim at is a great central building in the very heart of the West End, which will cost at least £30,000. But at present we must generate the enthusiasm in St. James's Hall, and from there we want to go into every back street and cranny. I myself mean to hold open-air meetings in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, and wherever the Socialists go. I want to show the people that Christianity is not 'played out.' Jesus Christ is their best Friend yet.

"I have been led altogether by a way I know not to this. It would be difficult to give you an adequate conception of the steps which have tended to it or of the interest it has aroused. Persistent advocacy in the paper I edit helped it on, no doubt; but I had not then the slightest idea that I should be chosen to direct the scheme. Whether we can cope with the difficulties remains to be seen. Our Church is a most elaborately organized Church, and consequently a very conservative one. It is, therefore, a very astounding sign of the times that such a conservative and highly organized Church should adopt such a new departure. There is no Church which has entered upon so novel an enterprise. Yet at the last Conference there was not a dissentient voice."

Most thinkers, if not all, who consider the subject, will agree with Mr. Hughes that the unanimous acceptance of such an enterprise by so conservative a body is indeed a remarkable sign of the times, a sign that Church organizations, as well as others, can and must adapt themselves to the varying needs of humanity without compromise of essential principles. And as the visitor takes leave of Mr. Hughes he feels that he has been conversing with one who is eminently fitted for such an endeavour.

# THE LIFE OF APOSTOLIC PREACHING AND THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, D.D., LL.D.

"While yet Peter spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word."—ACTS x. 44.

IN this important passage which stands related to the conversion of Cornelius and his household there are two points that will merit attention. (1) A type of apostolic preaching in the words spoken. (2) The special and remarkable descent of the Spirit. "The Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word."

All true preaching is at once a science and an art. A science in the wise arrangement of truth, an art in the application of that truth to the conscience of men. And here I ask you to note these two principles of science and art as unconsciously permeating every department of this discourse.

The word spoken opens with the announcement of the impartiality of God. "Of a truth," says Peter, "I see that God is no respecter of persons." In the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, one of the finest but most sceptical intellects of our age, it was manifest that he was mentally and morally wrecked by the mistaken conviction that if there were a God in the universe He was partial, intensely partial, in His administration towards men—trampling one under the frosty feet of adversity, crowning another with Orient benediction. Could this great philosophic thinker but have caught up the idea before us, that in all things pertaining to man's highest and immortal interests, God is no respecter of persons, how would it have lifted his colossal spirit out of its irreparable darkness and ruin into light celestial.

Impartiality in God is the everlasting law of His administration, written in legible form on every one of His greatest gifts in nature. Turn to the tumbling waters of the ocean. The incumbent and arid air stoops down and lifts these waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific in its arms, carries them over the mountain into the valleys, lays these oceanic waters at the

* A sermon preached at the opening of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto.

root of every corn stalk, beside every blade of grass, on the petal, of every flower, moistening every leaf, percolating the hills, singing their way down to the river courses, and then marching back with gladsome step to their home in the oceans. The waters of the sea are freely given to the life of the continents.

I turn to the conservative power of gravitation. It holds the grain of sand, it holds every life form, it holds the lonely hut and the stately palace, it holds the mountains, the world, the universe, in its keeping with undistinguishing regard.

Impartiality in God! This is the glory of our Christianity. It was the theory of the Greek that the blest were the favourites of the gods. It was the maxim of the Israelites that salvation was alone of the Jews; but what is the welcome of the Gospel? Generous as the heart of God, it is "Whosoever will." I would write it over every promise in the treasury of heaven and stamp it on the frontispiece of every Bible. "Whosoever will!" I would set it on an ensign over the portal of this and every temple of worship, and carve it on every granite cliff around the world. "Whosoever will!" I would hang the constellations of God in the heavens so that the very universe might spell it out. "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely." No bar sinister, no fell decree holds you back. Wherever is found a heaven-erected brow bearing the stamp of a God-given intellect, and a beating heart which tells of a spirit panting for an immortal gourd, the living waters are for him. "Ye are witnesses!" cried the Apostle—witnesses that there is not a resource in Christ, not a gift of the Spirit, not an inheritance beyond, not a vestitude along the untravelled eternity, but is for you. Why break we not into thanksgiving at the plenitude of this revelation which lays the wealth of the spiritual universe at your feet, and which says, Take what thou wilt and be enriched forever. Impartiality in God! Is not this a truth which the Holy Ghost will honour?

Observe again, the word spoken proclaims the triune Deity in sympathy with man. "God," says Peter, "who anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power." What a revealing is this of the interaction of the Godhead in working out the redemption of the race. Before finite life had sprung into being, before rolling worlds had begun their march through the immensities, or the ultimate matter had fallen from the hand divine, the infinite and absolute God existed in the trinity

of His nature. And what is every evolution of His creative power but the demonstration of an economical trinity.

Light! what art thou with thy ministry of revealing? The chemical ray, the light ray, the heat ray—these unfold the eternal principle of trinity through the medium of resplendent light. Elemental substances around us, what is your testimony? The solid earth, the subtle air, the translucent waters, holding in their relations forms, size and colour, tell of a double trinity in this one world. Our manhood's nature with its triads; we pass it by as a living epistle, read and known of all men. Deep inductions and last results of the reasoning faculty have concluded that if God be infinite, then not one, but every form of existence must be in Him; not alone unity, but plurality or trinity of being; and if God be eternal love, then His love could not be subjective—ever turning in upon Himself—but objective, the responsive love of the triune persons of the Godhead.

How grand is the confirmation of the speculative thought in the revealings of this Book. Like the doctrines of Immortality and Redemption, that of Trinity emerges from its early obscurities into the fulness of its apocalyptic glory. Trinity, redemptorial, cannot be relegated into the background of mystery and discarded, since without this there is no theology, no Christology, no redemption. Trinity—the commission of the Father, the atonement of the Son, the administration of the Spirit—these are the foundation stones of our salvation. Trinity—it opens the only portal of our sonship, our approach to an unseen and ever silent God, for it is through Him, that is, Christ, we have access by one spirit unto the Father. Trinity—it is the basis of sonship and spiritual gift, for God has sent forth the spirit, the witnessing spirit of His Son unto your hearts, crying, "Abba Father." In a word, Trinity involves the apotheosis of our humanity. What do we behold? The love of the Father, Son and Spirit finding its focal point in man, and man, encircled with that triune love, rising to a distinct and personal fellowship with the Father, with the Son and with the Holy Ghost. In all the round realm of the universe there is nothing more divinely transcendental than this, and yet the testimony of a Marquis de Rente, of a Lady Maxwell, of those elect saints of early Methodism who ascended the heights of a rapt devotion, authenticate the reality of this fellowship with the Persons of the Triune God. Templed in immortality, thrice

holy in its sanctity, we take this mystic truth of Trinity, and wrapping us in its folds, look up and cry :—

> "'Tis mystery all ; let earth adore,
> Let angel minds inquire no more."

Trinity—Redemptional Trinity ; is not this a truth which the Holy Ghost will honour ?

Again, the word spoken proclaims a manifested and atoning God. "Jesus of Nazareth, who was slain and hanged on a tree." The deepest and divinest thoughts which arise in the mind are the intuitional. Without reasoning, without research, they come in on the spirit as light flashes on the eyes. They are the adventurous and crowned princes of thought that wield empires in the realm of moral being. Now, this apostolic truth of a manifested God, like immortality, must be held as an intuition of the soul, since it has obtained in all ages and among all peoples. Take the two primal races of man, the Turanian, or race of darkness, the Aryan, or race of light. Incarnation crowned their every conception of the gods. This was pre-eminently true of the Aryan and their Hindoo and Greek descendants. Men incarnated deities were said to watch the lotus, to guard the waving corn, to keep watch over child-hood and the family ; to strengthen every virtue ; to kindle the true Promethean fire for lofty thought and heroic endeavour. Indeed they were believed to hold the treasures of all tender-ness and the resources of all deliverance.

But why do we thus refer to this intuitional thought ? Why ? Because there is not a truth in our Christianity which makes such an imperative demand on our faith. The idea that the Architect and Upholder of the universe, who threw off worlds like sparks from an anvil, walked this planet, this fragment, this atom of creation, in the guise of a manhood to be which He is allied forever, is a thought which confronts reason and astounds intelligence. But we plant ourselves on this intuition of the soul, as the assurance of an answering reality which is attested by this triumphal revelation of the Incarnate Son of God. Under its guidance I take my stand like the dying Stephen, and looking up I see heaven opened. "I see Jesus sitting at the right hand of God." Nay, the place is vacant. I see the galleried heights of empyrean heaven and angelic prin-cipalities and powers bending over in rapt and worshipping gaze at this far-off world. Paul, thou expositor of the deep

things of God, caught up to the third heaven and hearing things unlawful to utter. Paul, canst thou not interpret this celestial phenomenon? It is given, "And when He bringeth His first begotten into the world He saith, Let all the angels of God worship Him." Tell me Thy name, Thy nature tell, Thou wondrous Galilean peasant, whom sixty generations hear as did the fishermen of old, and at whose bidding heaven and earth respond; tell me Thy name. It is God with man, it is Jesus the Nazarene.

And what was the high commission of this divine Nazarene, whose life culminated in seeming disaster, who was slain and hanged on a tree? I answer in one word that awakes the music of heaven and earth; that word is Atonement! How tremendous is the law of all being which pervades the known universe, the law of vicarious sacrifice of life by death. Imperious Nature has uttered her voice. The death of the mineral is the life of the vegetable; the death of the vegetable is the life of the animal; the death of innocence, as seen in the gentle dove destroyed by the pursuing hawk—the death of the innocent is the life of the aggressor. The death of all is the life of man.

"Behold, I see a wonder in heaven," cried the Seer of Visions. I stand here to declare a wonder on earth. This tremendous law of life by death is lifted up and glorified as the law of redemption. We live by the death of the Redeemer. We may hold by the advocate of the so-called "new theology" that the death of Christ was in no sense a propitiation of God or an expiation of sin, but a sublime finale to a beautiful life that revealed the character of God. A spectacular mission this, which it is said would reconcile the world to the Father Divine. But my nature, my conscience, demands something vastly more than this. I will suppose that Othello the Moor, as pictured in Shakesperean drama, noble and generous, yet dishonoured and hounded by villainy to the death; I will suppose that he were resurrected and said to Iago, his destroyer, "I will forgive thee, I will welcome thee." Could that villain, red-handed in his crime, marble-hearted as a fiend; could that villain ever come into that presence without change and reparation? Never, never. And can we as sinners, as sinners whose lives are forfeited by the violation of law, who have outraged and insulted infinite love, ever stand right in the presence of God without change or reparation? My conscience hath a thousand various

tongues, and every tongue cries out, "It is forever impossible." Oh, divine expedient; oh, merciful device! the slain victim hanged on a tree, exalted as the ever-living intercessor, supplies the only ground possible in the universe on which God can meet the sinner and clasp hands in token of reconciliation.

It was this supernal display of love which evoked the enthusiasm of the great Apostle, and led him to exclaim, "Oh, the depth of His riches! God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," Jesus who is the culminating flower of the universe. And what is the ever-abiding mission amongst men of this great, this atoning, this resurrected and divine humanity? I answer, it is the effective sympathy of the man, the sympathy of the God. This world is for most of us no Andalusian vale of rest, no Arcadian abode of purple vine and fragrant delights, where flow the sparkling waters of some Guadalquiver. This world! it is the theatre of conflict, the valley of weeping, "where hearts broken with losses and weary with dragging the crosses too heavy for mortals to bear," respond to the wailing dirge of Barrett Browning:—

> "We are so tired, my heart and I,
> We scarce can look at men,
> A little child, or God's blue heaven;
> We are so tired, so very tired,
> My heart and I."

Ah, there are many of us who can say with poor Shelley: "I could lie down like a tired child and weep, and weep away the life of care, which I have borne and yet must bear." Who is that with thee in the fiery furnace, heated seven times more than it is wont to be? It is one like unto the Son of Man. Behold and see if any sorrow was like unto His sorrow. Touched with the feeling of our infirmities, tempted in all points like as we are—able to save—with the divinest comforter we shall return and come to Zion with everlasting joy and gladness upon our heads, and the sorrow and sighing shall affrighted forever flee away. Incarnate and atoning Lamb we preach Thee, and is not this a truth which the Holy Ghost will honour!

Then once again, the word spoken asserts the responsibility of man to coming judgment. "Jesus ordained of God to be the judge of the quick and dead." Manifold and magnificent are the powers with which our nature is endowed. What grandeur

is there in the simple consciousness of pleasure or of pain. If I, an Alpine climber, am caught in some mountain pathway by a fragment of an avalanche, and hurled into some deep crevasse, there to moan out anguished life; in that moment of agony I can lift my bruised arm and say, "O thou Alpine avalanche, thou knowest not that thou hast crushed me; but I feel, and because I feel, I am consciously greater than thou." There is grandeur in that. There is grandeur in the play of intellectual energy. That pale and midnight watcher, who looks out on the jewelled sky, can say of the sun, "Be thou my vassal artist;" of the planets, "I have graduated your orbits;" and of the disporting comets, "I can tell the times of your coming again."

Yes, but there is something sublimer far than this. When that greatest statesman which this American continent ever gave for the guidance of a nation, Daniel Webster, was asked what was the mightiest thought that ever crossed the horizon of his intelligence, with emphatic pause he answered, "A sense of my responsibility to God." Now, this responsibility stands related to retributive justice. It is the everlasting law for time and eternity, that "whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." There is David, the base and infamous David, who with murderous act invaded and ruined the sanctity of a home. "What shall the harvest be?" In time ruin came to his own daughter, and the echoing wail of "Oh, Absalom; my son Absalom," told that the sword with which he pierced others had entered his own heart. Oh, David, thou hast sown to the winds and reaped the whirlwind.

We advance with this law into the eternities. Verily, verily, the hour is coming when the resurrected millions, both small and great, shall stand before the great white throne and the face of Him at whose gaze the heavens and earth shall flee away. Then the books of destiny shall be opened and the secret histories of life revealed. Then, O man, who has sought to cover thy sin and hide thine iniquity, that which was hidden shall be made known, and that which was done in secret shall be published upon the housetops before assembled worlds. Then shall God let loose the wolves of remorse that shall wound and anguish thy spirit forever. The works done in the body will meet us at the judgment, evoking the "Well done, good and faithful servant," when God shall diadem the right; or the "Depart" that drops the curtain over a lost immortality. Judgment to come! Here

"Truth is ever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."

Judgment to come—this will redress the wrong, this will vindicate the eternal right—and is not this a truth that the Holy Ghost will honour? Bronzed and rough-handed fisherman of Galilee, trusted by the Master and anointed with power, we bless thy memory for the ever-abiding truth which thou hast given us—truth that commands the conscience, truth that is honoured by the Holy Ghost.

### The Descent of the Spirit.

This brings us to consider the special and remarkable descent of the Spirit, "The Holy Ghost fell upon all them that heard the word." Here all the external phenomena of Pentecost are wanting. No mighty rushing wind, no cloven tongues of fire, no miraculous gifts of speech, signalized this hour. It was while Peter yet spake to the smallest of congregations that the Holy Ghost fell upon them that heard the word.

You will observe that the Holy Ghost fell upon them as the Spirit of Life. The highest official work of the Spirit is found in this, that He is the Prince and Giver of Life. Valley of Ezekiel, Valley of Vision. The hills defile on either hand. The bones of a slain army lie scattered over its arid sands. They are very many and very dry. I see the prophet enter the valley. The question is asked: "Can these dry bones live?" Live! We laugh the suggestion to scorn. The command comes, "Son of man, prophesy to these dry bones." Responsive to the appeal, a noise is heard, a trembling shakes the valley; behold the blanched bones begin to move, they fly to their appointed place and become compacted together, and now on the bleached bones there came up the sinew, the tissue, and the nerve and the skin. But! there is no life. Again the command comes, "Son of man, prophesy to the winds." The cry is heard, "Come from the four winds, O breathe, and breath upon these slain!" and lo! a divine breath sweeps through the valley, and a mighty army arises quickened by the breath divine.

This is the vision. What is its realistic fulfilment? You have seen the effects of an invisible power that has fallen on a

gathered company. There was a shaking among the dry bones. You have heard the noise and the cry, "What wilt thou have me to do?" bone comes to bone; "What must I do to be saved?" bone comes to bone: "I will arise and go to my Father," a covering comes over the bones, but there is yet no life. A mystic awe rolls over the assembly and a multitude spring into a life of faith, of love, and of transporting joy. What has done it? Not the eloquence of gifted tongue. Not the power of intellect. Not the magnetism of sympathy. Nay, verily, it was the Holy Ghost that fell upon them as at the beginning. I stand amazed at the stupendous energy of the Spirit, filling the earth, the air, the water, with the myriad forms of life and beauty; but his grandest work is the life of God given to the soul of man. Ye that dwell in the courts of the Lord keep not silent and give Him no rest until the descending Spirit gives us life, and gives it more abundantly.

Observe, again, the Holy Ghost fell upon them as the spirit of holiness. Holiness in God; holiness in man! I would that my tongue could utter, could tell out the beauty of holiness. We are familiar with the raptures of the poets over the radiances of nature. When they sing of the bending branches, of the trees, that seem like the notes of some great instrument giving forth their sweet, celestial symphonies; when they sing of the splendid scenery of the sky, o'er whose sapphire sea the royal sun seems sailing like a golden galleon; when they sing of the cloud-lands in the west, whose steep sierras left their summits white with drifts—but what are all the resplendencies of nature to the moral grandeur that is wrought in the soul by the spirit of God!

And why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should thus endow men? When I think of the transforming phenomena that are ever advancing in nature, when we think that the foulest substances on earth, absorbed by the roots and carried by the alembics into the laboratories of the plant life, are changed into the fragrance of the attar of roses; when we remember that out of the darkness the modern dynamo gathers and concentrates that energy which flames into a light that rivals the lustre of the sun, what shall we not believe as to the Spirit's power in possessing, exalting and adorning our humanity? What constitutes the difference between the works of the flesh—hatred, variance and strife—and the fruits of the Spirit beautiful as the golden pomegranates of Paradise!—the

difference between Julian the apostate and John the apostle of love; between Caligula, the terrible, and Peter the apostle of hope; between Robespierre and Mirabeau; the men of blood, and Paul the evangelist of peace? What constitutes the difference? It is the transforming ministry of the Holy Ghost. Find me the vilest the most unlovely man in this house or in this city or land, let the Holy Ghost fall upon him and he shall stand forth in all the beauty of holiness.

In one of the Western States there was an aged woman of seventy, a murderess, who for twenty-seven years was the terror of the penitentiary. As the law had failed, it was determined to try the effect of Christianity upon her. Chained at her wrists and ankles to a chair she was carried by strong men and set down in the vestibule of the Christian Reformatory. When the matron, a Quaker lady, full of the blessed Spirit, came to receive her, though the glare of a fiend was in the felon eye, she demanded her instant release. The guards remonstrated, but she insisted. Immediately on her release the matron stepped up, and placing her hand on her shoulder, kissed her cheek. Instantly the eyes, long unused to weep, were suffused with tears. Instantly falling at the feet of her benefactress she kissed the hem of her garment, baptizing her feet with her tears. In a brief space she was converted, in three months she became the saint of the place, and in three years she became the angel of that reformatory. What did it? The Holy Ghost fell upon her and she stood forth like the King's daughter, all glorious within. O, for faith in the all-conquering energy of the Holy Ghost.

Observe, finally, the Holy Ghost fell upon them as the spirit of power for service. In the streets of an Italian city a wandering ministrel had found somewhere an old and tarnished violin from which he was bringing forth the discordant notes of a familiar melody. The quick ear of genius in passing was arrested, having detected some latent possibilities in what seemed a worthless instrument. He purchased it from the minstrel, he adjusted it, he stringed it, he attuned it to chromatic harmonies, and now I see him standing before entranced thousands in the great halls of Europe, and by the fire of his genius, and by the tremulo, and by the staccato, and by the crescendo, and by the skill of his technique evoking divinest harmonies, descending to sepulchred depths, striking notes that vibrate on every chord of the heart, and then springing elastic like the

lark to trill in strains celestial, dissolving into tears or kindling to enthusiasm, wherever he goes, till adcontinent echoes and re-echoes with the name of the mightiest master the violin has ever known.

Now, if the power of unaided genius can thus bring out of a seemingly worthless instrument such transcendent forces, what cannot the Spirit of God bring out of such an instrument as man? On the plains of Indiana there was a youth of rustic form, with low brow, with deep-set eyes, with a thin and trembling voice, without the graces of speech, as he tells us, or power of declamation; but the hour came, when a divine afflatus fell upon that youth and kindled his innermost being. A great cry awoke in his heart, "Woe, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." He carried the burden, he struggled with his affections, for he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. How could he leave her? At length, amid the sweet fellowship of a Sabbath eve, he said, "Mother, do you know, I sometimes think I will have to leave you, to go and preach the Gospel." As if an electric shock had gone through her, that mother rose, and bursting into tears, flung her arms about his neck, and said: "My son, I have been expecting this since the day you were born. When your father lay dying, when he was dissolving into death, he said: 'Pillow me up and put my son into my arms, that we may consecrate him to God and to the service of His Church.' I have been expecting this. Go, my son, and God shall go with thee."

I am standing in the tented grove of an American camp-meeting. Ten thousand listening worshippers are around. Yonder, a form rises, a familiar form. There are the deep-set eyes, but they flame; the stooping form, but it stands in pillared majesty. I hear the thin and treble voice, but it carries with it an all-penetrating pathos. He reasons—it is logic on fire; he expounds—it is intellect fused into white heat; he declaims—the winged arrows of conviction pierce the heart. Like the noise of the wind on the top of the mulberry trees, his emotional nature is let loose and sweeps over the audience, waking to ecstatic raptures. I am caught up into the chariot of his power and harnessed to the fiery steeds of his imagination. I sweep up beyond the planetary, the stellar worlds, until I stand on the remotest fragment of the universe, and under his guidance I look up and see the throne of God. I see more. I see my surety before that throne. And, oh, the rapture! My name,

your name, sin-forgiven man, is written on His hands. Indiana boy, what gave thee this mastery over mind? Not alone native ability, not what culture and colleges can give, helps though they be. It was the Holy Ghost which fell up thee, Simpson, as at the beginning.

Does any man believe that the Holy Ghost would have fallen as Peter preached the Word if it had not been for the upper room, the ten days' waiting and the baptism of the Holy Ghost? I tell you, my friend, old and young, you hold responsibilities for service of which you little dream, if you will only seek the upper room, the ten days of waiting and the endowment of the Holy Spirit.

Standing, as I do, towards the closing days of a somewhat extended ministry, I would with all the emphasis of my being urge an immediate surrender to the power of the Holy Ghost. This will kindle your intellect, this will let loose your emotions, this will invest you with an imagination that will sweep others into the Kingdom of God. I stand, I pause, I wait, I pray! Spirit of burning come and fall upon all in this house that hear the Word. And now I appeal to every individual in this gathered company who has been moved by the Holy Ghost. Beware how you grieve Him. Remember, if you sin against the love of the Father there is still the Atonement of the Son. If you sin against the Atonement of the Son, there are the pleadings of the Spirit; but if you sin against the Holy Ghost, you sin past the Divine God. You destroy your moral nature and come to that extremity of woe where there is no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come. In the uttermost extremities of the lost there is nothing more appalling than this. Oh, if there are gentle, pleading influences in your hearts, cherish them as you would your life. They will lead you to peace and triumph over death; they will lead you at last up to the "great arch and through the portal into the city immortal." Vision of eternity! Vision of the Lamb in the midst of the Throne and of the City! Be that our beatitude forever and forever. Amen.

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No door so thick, no bolt so strong,
No tower so high, no wall so long
But that death enters in at last.
Then watch with care; repent thy sin,
Lest unawares he enter in
When time for penitence is past.

# THE STORY OF SQUIRE HARNESS OF CROWTHORPE HALL.

BY J. JACKSON WRAY.

My father, "Squire Harness, of Crowthorpe Hall," to give him his local title—the Yorkshire rustics, however, used to say "Cawthrop 'All"—was the possessor of a very considerable fortune, and the bearer of an honourable name. Certain sore disappointments which had marred the hopes and aims of his youth had soured a temper which would never have been called genial. He became a silent man, taciturn, gloomy, mistrustful of his species, shunning even the society of his own children. My mother died while I was yet an infant, and the lack of the humanizing influence of a mother's love, added to the singular behaviour of my father, may account for the bent and bias which marred so many years of my life, and kept me "alone amid the multitude, an Ishmael to my kind."

The nurse to whose tender mercies I was entrusted had little, if any, of the genuine milk of human kindness in her constitution, and by the time I was four years old I hated her with a vigour out of all proportion to my years. I had very little better fortune in the tutor who was appointed to teach me the humanities (save the mark!) He was master of the art of flagellation, and seemed to lose no opportunity of keeping his hand in.

At my father's death, soon after I entered "the twenties," the elder of my brothers succeeded to the estate, and my second brother received the larger share of the personalty. As for me I had for my ill-luck, ill-looks, and an ill-temper, and a small pittance assured to me to prevent me from being an absolute burden to my favoured kin. So it came to pass, partly through my own fault, no doubt, but certainly very largely because of other people's, that I was a "speckled bird," and was painfully conscious of every speckle. More and more I preferred the thicket and the shade. I had no difficulty in ensuring solitude, for, being both loveless and landless, nobody had the least desire to interfere. My brother the Squire permitted me to live at the Hall, not troubling his head indeed about the matter, and my time was mainly spent in the woods and fields, consorting with Nature, animate and otherwise, and herein I found a measure of delight.

No sooner had the heir got settled down into comfortable possession of the estate, than an accident in the hunting-field unseated him in a double sense, and my second brother succeeded to the Squiredom and reigned in his stead. The death of the one did not greatly affect me, and the promotion of the other, whose chief attribute was selfishness, gave me no delight. Indeed, he soon gave me to understand that he had no room for me at the Hall, so I took the very limited portion of goods that had fallen to me, and went into a far country, into many far countries indeed, not wasting my substance, but roaming alway and alone off the usual tracks of travellers, with a growing dislike of humanity and a growing admiration for Nature in all her moods and changes.

I had barely reached my twenty-fourth year when I experienced a rapid and remarkable reverse in my tastes and feelings; on the contrary, it intensified them in no ordinary degree. I was lodging in a small hostelry high up among the Swiss mountains when I happened to pick up a Swiss newspaper of somewhat ancient date. One of the first items of news that caught my eye was an account of the death of my brother, the Squire, by drowning, a statement to the effect that the next was abroad on his travels, and that his whereabout was unknown. I speak the truth when I say that this sudden accession to riches gave me no thrill of satisfaction, and I even debated with myself a little as to whether I should take the trouble to put in any claim. The thought of the park, and woods, and fields of Crowthorpe as a grand place to be alone in decided me. I hied me homewards with becoming promptitude, and in due time was inducted into full possession—"Squire Harness, of Crowthorpe Hall."

I speedily discovered that my plain and even scowling features, my uncertainty of temper, my glum looks and monosyllable curtness of speech, my ungainliness of manners (remember I had never been "in society") were altogether too slight and insignificant drawbacks to prevent my being courted and flattered by all and sundry.

All this offended and disgusted me more and more. So I speedily betook me again to my wanderings. The old hall in which I had spent a loveless childhood and a lonely youth was entrusted to the care of two or three old retainers. With plenteous funds at my command I became a veritable wandering Jew. My gloom increased, my love of solitude grew on me

into a sort of mania, and might well have ended in settled and incurable dementia. Thank God, it was not to be! And this is the way in which, by a kind and gracious Providence, I was delivered from the curse which had fallen upon me, and became clothed and in my right mind.

One evening in the latter end of the month of October, which, according to my thinking, is the grandest month of all the year, I was climbing a steep hill path in mid-Scotland, clad in a tourist suit of gray tweed, with a trusty staff in my hand and a knapsack on my shoulders. As I was nearing the top of the hill I came upon a scene of remarkable beauty. It was a peculiarly effective harmony of hill and vale, field and forest, crag and river, with the bright waters of a distant loch shimmering in the setting sun. The October tints that embellished the abundant foliage, seen in the red light of the westering sun, were simply charming. I sat down on a large boulder, just on the brink of a steep declivity, and, resting my hands on my staff, was soon lost in admiration of the scene.

There had been heavy and persistent rain for some previous days. Somewhat of the sustaining earth on the sloping side of the boulder had been carried away—at least so I imagine; for in an instant I felt the huge stone turning over with me, and I must infallibly have gone under it, but that a pair of stout hands seized me by the shoulders. The big rock rolled down the precipitous slope, leaping and thundering as it fell, and some seconds after I heard it fall into the rapid river that rushed in a foaming current far below!

"Thank God! Thank God!" said a bluff and hearty voice, with much feeling in it. "You are safe and sound, sir! But it was a narrow escape, upon my word!"

Regaining my feet, I turned to see a fine, stalwart young Scotchman of pleasing mien and manner, who touched his blue bonnet respectfully, as he continued,

"I am thankful to God that I was on hand, sir, just in the nick of time. That big stone on your chest ——"

"Would have ended my journey and no mistake!" said I. "I thank you with all my heart. Your strong arm has saved me from a terrible fate. Again I thank you most sincerely.

"You're heartily welcome, sir. I count myself a very fortunate man. I thank God a Strong Arm has saved me from a worse fate than that, and I owe Him all the service I can render others for His sake. Besides as my mother used to say—

"A kindly deed for another's need
Brings a blessing and God's good-speed."

It'll come in good time, sir. Excuse me, sir, if I mistake not, you were admiring the beauties of this vale. It's the bonniest bit of landscape in all Scotland. If you will take the trouble to climb up this bye-path," pointing to a narrow track among the bushwood, "you will come to a place—we call it Marloch Brow—where you will not only get a better view of the valley, but by merely turning yourself round you will get a view of the Vale of Marloch, which many people think surpasses in beauty even this."

"Thank you," said I, "I will follow your advice."

"You will find another path to the right when you get to the brow," the young man continued, "which will bring you out into this road again a mile or so lower down. It is the shorter way. But perhaps you had better come back here again. If the mists gather, which is not unlikely, that road is dangerous unless you have a clear vision and a very steady foot."

"I have both," said I curtly, shrinking into myself again. It seemed absurd for me, who had dared all sorts of perils in all sorts of places, to need warning as to the descent of a Scottish hillside.

"All right, sir," said the young fellow, with a hearty laugh, and again touching his bonnet, "but I should be exceedingly sorry you should run a second risk on the same day." And so saying, he bade me a good afternoon, and went his way.

I could not help following him with my eye as he went whistling down the hill. Said I to myself, "I might have been a little less curt." Then his sentences came back to me; his hearty "thank God" said with deep feeling; his references to the "Strong Arm" which had saved him; his debt to needy humanity for that "Strong Arm's" sake; his counting himself "fortunate" in having been near to help; his sorrow at the thought of my being in peril again; and, perhaps most of all, that quaint old proverb remembered from his mother:

"A kindly deed for another's need
Brings a blessing and God's good speed."

It was all so foreign to anything that had passed through my own selfish mind, and yet there was something so kind and good in it all, that I felt sensibly his inferior.

"Yes," said I, as I took the by-path, "I wish I had been less curt. He's a fine young fellow. But there! Pshaw! No better than the rest of his species, if the truth was known. 'The trail of the serpent' is over them all."

I don't know what led me to the succeeding thought. Was it the softening influence of that sweet landscape? Was it the narrow escape from death I had just had? Was it the kindly courtesy of the young Scotchman? Was it the pregnant words he had said? Or, was it that God's goodness to me had sent His Spirit to begin a sadly needful work in my narrow and self-wrapped soul? I think so. Whatever it was, I said aloud:

"You have no right to say that. What an unmanly speech after the service he has rendered you and the courtesy he has shown! The trail of the serpent is over *you*, if you like; and the coil of the serpent is around you, too; and the constriction will be fatal, if you don't take care."

I was now at the summit of the hill. Near the edge of the brow, and situated so as to command a view of the two valleys, was a rude kind of booth or summer-house, open only in front and built in very rustic fashion. The framework was composed of unbarked fir poles, and the walls of faggots and brush-wood, fastened compactly together with thongs of twisted hazel bush or willow. After spending some time in taking a full mental memorial of my charming surroundings I turned into the friendly shelter.

My long walk in the stimulating mountain air made me feel sleepy. Unbuckling my knapsack for the purposes of a pillow, I threw myself on one of the seats and speedily feel into a sound slumber. How long this lasted I cannot say, but I was at length awakened by subdued voices engaged in earnest conversation. Night had fallen, and the moon, which was fast "filling her horn," was completely lost in a thick blanket of mountain mist, which effectually hid each from the other the tenants of the rude cabin.

"It's of no use, Alec, dear!" The voice was that of a young woman, low and sweet withal! "Old Macdougall declares that he will wait no longer, and that if the money is not paid within a week he will put the bailiffs in and sell stock and furniture by public auction."

Alec, whoever he might be, heaved a sigh, and said something in tones not loud but deep, which was evidently the reverse of complimentary to "old Macdougall," and then continued—

"And you will move to Edinburgh, Lizzie; and I shall lose sight of you; and once so far away, I shall lose you altogether."

"Don't sorrow over troubles before they come, Alec," the voice responded; "and don't forget that a kind Providence watches over all. Lose sight of me, I suppose you must, but as for losing Lizzie Montgomery when once her plight is given, that you never will, unless you yourself choose to let her go, and that you know, dear Alec, as well as I."

Her companion made some reply which I failed to catch, but judging from some semi-sibilant sounds that followed, Lizzie's declaration of faithfulness was being signed, sealed, and attested according to the usage in such cases, made and provided.

"But, Alec, dear," quoth the feminine voice in a sad and troubled tone, "this is an awful blow to dear mother. In spite of all her reverses and troubles, she will never leave Marloch until compelled by bitter straits. It was after a desperate struggle with her pride of race that she stooped to put the ancient name of Montgomery above a chandler's shop; but it was a wonderful compensation that it has enabled her to retain her independence and to face the world without shame. And now, just when everything is fairly prospering, and she is becoming cheerfully content, Old Macdougall comes forward with a bond signed by my dear father in his financial troubles, and demands instant payment of two hundred and fifty pounds. O, to think that she must be turned out of doors, and go curtseying to distant relatives for a shelter for her gray hairs! She tries to bear up bravely, but I can see her dear lips quiver and her eyes glisten with unbidden tears, though I do my best to keep her spirits up. Dear, dear, mother, O that I could find a way!" Here the young lady herself gave way and wept bitterly.

It was now Alec's turn to be the comforter. He whispered of hope and possible deliverance, but he was altogether barren of suggestions as to whence deliverance should come. A pause succeeded, and the young man said:

"Come, Lizzie, darling, the mist lifts at last. What a lucky thing the Englishman had time to get down before the mist gathered."

Then the youthful pair left the booth; and I was now fully convinced of what I had from the first suspected, that "Alec" was none other than the courteous young fellow, who had done me a double kindness that very afternoon. I felt half inclined to follow them and apologize for my needless brusqueness, but it

struck me that they might not like to know that they were overheard; so I sat still awhile, watching how the moonlight was steadily gaining on the mist, and thinking of Alec and his faithful Lizzie, and of the silver-haired woman and her grief, and wondering whether the "Strong Arm" that Alec trusted in would deliver them from their sore and bitter straits.

In spite of my cynicism, and quite contrary to all the experiences of my previous life, I could not help thinking kindly and even deeply of the young people who all unwittingly had made me acquainted with the crook in their lot. Making my way down to the little town of Marloch I resumed my quarters at the one old-fasioned, homely-looking inn the place contained.

The landlord was a pleasant, if somewhat loquacious, specimen of the genus Boniface as could well be found. As I enjoyed the welcome warmth of the faggot fire, and was "taking mine ease in mine inn," I could not help wondering what "Mrs. Montgomery" and Lizzie would do, and whether "Alec" somebody and she would have to part.

"Landlord," said I, when that worthy appeared to supply me with certain creature-comforts, "do you happen to know anyone in Marloch of the name of Mrs. Montgomery?"

"Ou, aye, Sir. There's nae soul i' the toon that disna' ken her, puir body. I wadna like to say 'puir body,' till her face, you mind, for the old leddy's varra up lookin', though she's come down very low in fortune, mair's the pity. She was aye good to the poor an' needy afore her purse grew thin."

"Indeed," said I, showing satisfactory interest in his information. "Did she live in this neighbourhood in the days of her prosperity."

"Aye, an' at nae ither place than Marloch Hoose ayont the river. Her husband, the laird o' Marloch, was only a poor feckless, doited sort o' body, though he was self-willed enough wi' it all. He made ducks and drakes of his money, or let ithers do it, which comes to the same thing, an' sae him an' his cam' to grief thegither. For him naebody had muckle pity; but as for Mistress Marloch, as she was ca'd, a' body pitied *her*. She is uncommon weel descendit, an' its incontrovairtibly true that the bluest bluid in a' Scotland rins in her veins. She always carried herself like a leddy; she *was* a leddy, and she *is* a leddy, though she has nae ither roof-tree to shelter her than a wee bit chandler's shop. She's relieved o' her husband, however, puir doited noddy as he was, an' that's some compensation."

In answer to my further inquiries, I learned that the widow had two daughters, and that Maggie, a clever energetic maiden of five-and-twenty had bravely gone out into the world to earn her own bread, and to devote certain small earnings to obtaining matters of comfort for her mother.

"Aye, but she's a noble lassie, yon!" said the vivacious narrator, "an' as bonnie as she's guid. The man that marries her wi' never a bawbee in her pouch will find *hersel* a tocher worth mony a braw guinea o' gold. But for that matter," continued he, waving away all possible contradiction with his hand, "Miss Lizzie's as like her as twa peas."

I gathered, too, that "Alec" Murray was the son of a small farmer, that he was a "lang-headed chiel" who had largely educated himself; had just been appointed under-bailiff, on a neighbouring estate; and that he was a "braw young fellow wi' a promising future, and weel respectit by everybody."

"Puir thing!" said the landlord, reverting to the widow Montgomery. "She's in a peck o' trouble the noo, I'se afeared. I can't get at the rights o't, but there is an o'd varmint of a money-lender wha has a grip on her. But there is nae getting bluid oot o' a stane. What the puir body will do I dinna ken."

"But, surely, in such a case as this the creditor will be considerate," said I.

"What, Auld Sandy Macdougall!" exclaimed the old Scot, with a grin made up of a mixture of astonishment, contempt and disgust. "Of all the ill-faured auld swine—but there, I beg your pardon. I'se of opeenion that he's nae Scot ava; an' least of a' a Macdougall, wha hae decent bluid i' their veins. *I* ca' him Macdeevil, and ——"

At this point the loquacious Boniface was rung for, and I was left alone to ponder over all that I had seen and heard. But why should I? Why trouble myself about the matter at all? During the whole of my solitary, crooked, misanthropic, self-wrapped life, I could not remember that I had ever had a really anxious or sympathetic thought concerning any human being, and yet there I sat, conning, thinking, wondering, pitying, as though the affairs of Widow Montgomery and the young people were my own sole possession!

"I thank God a Strong Arm has saved me from a worse fate than that, and I owe Him all the service I can render others for His sake. Besides, as my mother used to say,

'A kindly deed for another's need,
Brings a blessing and God's good speed.'"

These words spoken by the stalwart young fellow who had saved me from being crushed by the boulder held me as by a spell, and would not let me go. Had that Strong Arm saved me? I knew that it had been stretched down to do it, and that the Hand that would fain lift me from the "worse fate" bore the scar of the crucifying nail; but I had not laid hold of it, had not even thought about it until now. And as for rendering others service for His sake, never a human being, or any other living thing for that matter, was the better for any deed I had ever done. "Philip Harness!" said I, to a condemned and conscience stricken listener, "you are simply a wicked and selfish fool!

'A kindly deed for another's need
Brings a blessing and God's good speed.'"

"Well *you* need a blessing at any rate, for your life's a poor, mean colourless, unhappy, discontented business; and neither God nor man hath ever bid you 'God speed.' Stop! What, not God? Not Jesus Christ? He of the Strong Arm; the Man of Sorrows?" So I went to bed, and far into the night I passed the sleepless hours, vaguely sorry, hankering after something that I had not got and did not understand, and willing to do some kindly deed, if I only knew how, just to experience a new sensation and find some joy in life.

In the morning I strolled through the high street of the little town. I do not hesitate to confess that I was looking out for the sign which it had cost the family pride of Jeannie Montgomery a bitter pang to hoist above the door in the interest of honest independence.

I discovered it at last. In the doorway of the shop stood a fine, soncy-faced old lady, with hair that was silver-white, and on her features a look of fear and trouble which made me tingle with a feeling of sympathy to which I had all my life been a stranger. I suddenly recollected that my knapsack needed replenishing with a cake of soap and some other little matters that have to do with the comfort of a pedestrian. I entered the shop and took a chair by the counter, behind which the old lady had retreated ready to attend to my requirements.

"Here's a fine bright morning," said I, "after last night's mist and fog. It seems all the brighter by way of contrast."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Montgomery, "'When the sun smiles the fogs lifts,' as our Scottish proverb says." Then her face clouded again, and there was a far-away look in her eyes and a suspicion of tears, as she continued, "When it *does* smile."

I knew that her thoughts just then were in old Sandy Macdougall's office, and her eyes were looking on the fatal paper which was soon to bereave her of her little all. Can it be believed? I, Philip Harness, who had never seen the old money-lender, felt there and then a strong desire—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, to "punch his head!" What business was it of mine?

"Well, good morning, ma'am; I think the sun will smile, and the fog will lift?"

She must have thought I was rather queer, for the fog had lifted and the morn was without a cloud.

I returned to "mine inn," and I am free to say that I do not think I ever walked faster in my life. The fact is my heart beat fast, and the pulse spread all over me right down to the heels of my boots. From the inn I bore down on the old money-lender.

A tall old man, with bent shoulders, iron-gray hair, and a hard, uncanny face, was Sandy Macdougall.

"I have called," said I, "concerning a note-of-hand or something of that sort, that you hold against the Widow Montgomery. I hope you will not bear hard upon——"

"Look hear, sir," said the old Shylock, whose thin jaws had shut like a trap at the mention of her name. "I bear neither hard nor light. Everyone for himself is my motto. The money's mine, and I mean to have it; and if that is all you have to say, I wish you good morning."

"Everyone for himself!" To me just then, and, I thank God, ever since, the selfish motto was an abomination. Without wasting more words I pulled out a roll of bank-notes.

"I'll thank you for that promissory note," said I. The old man looked surprised, and carefully counted the money. In a few minutes the fatal paper was in my hands, together with an acquittance of all obligation, and I went back to the inn poorer by £200, yet incomparably richer than I ever was in all my life before!

I enclosed both documents in an envelope, with a slip of paper on which I had written—

"Mrs. Montgomery's difficulty was whispered of in the little

summer-house on Marloch Brow. An unknown friend has pleasure in sending the enclosed, with the hope that 'Alec' and 'Lizzie' will now be spared the pain of separation. This is sent in the new-found faith that—

> 'A kindly deed for another's need
> Brings a blessing and God's good speed.'"

Without more ado I paid my hotel bill, shouldered my knapsack, and departed. Whither? Home, to be sure, to set about my long-neglected duties to those who lived and toiled upon my lands—aye, and to study the long-neglected Book that would tell me all about the Strong Arm, and the privilege and duty for His sake of "rendering service to others." I must hasten to a close. I will therefore only say on this point that, by the grace of God to a poor selfish sinner, I learned both lessons; and since that day, saved from a "worse fate," it had been my daily task to live for Him who redeemed my soul from destruction and my life from a selfishness stronger than the power of the grave; and for His sake to use my wealth, and whatever other talents I possess, for the help and good of others.

It will not be wondered at that my hands were full. There were awful arrears of duty to be overtaken, and it was some five years before I had time to think of rest and change. Then, in the days of golden autumn, I went to Scotland. I found myself scaling the same hillside, climbing the self-same bye-path, to find—not the self-same cabin I had seen before!

A neat little building, something after the fashion of a Grecian temple, had replaced the rustic shed, and over the front cornice above the entrance, facing the two lovely valleys, I read: "Erected by Alexander Murray, in Honour of an Unknown Friend."

I stood wondering what it meant, when a bluff, cheery, well-remembered voice at my elbow said:

"I don't suppose you will find a bonnier landscape than this in all Scotland, sir."

Turning round, I discovered the same "Alec" who had said almost the self-same words five years before.

"No," said I, seeing that he did not recognize me, and no wonder; for in very deed I was another and a very different man. "It is exquisite; but can you tell me the meaning of this inscription."

"Ah," said he, "it would be a relief to me if I could thor-

oughly understand it myself; though there is no man on earth I more want to see, for to him I owe the greatest treasure I possess."

"Indeed!" said I; "may I ask how that was?"

He told me the whole story much as I have told the reader, and informed me, moreover, that my seasonable gift had given a new turn to his fortunes. Mrs. Montgomery, in her gratitude and joy, bid him "marry her lassie, and join her in the business, for the plack o' custom was mair than she could manage." They had everybody's sympathy and respect. The wealthy nobleman to whom Alec had been under-bailiff had come to his assistance. His trade grew from retail to wholesale. He had the opportunity of making large purchases in a slack market; prices had rapidly risen; and, to make the story short, by the help of his patron he had purchased "Marloch House" and its surroundings, and was fast redeeming its mortgages, so that soon the property would be his own. Mrs. Montgomery had gone back with them to her dear old home, and, concluded Alec,

"The chief desire of my heart is to find our unknown friend, and, in the midst of our happy household, to shake him by the hand, and say, 'God bless you, we owe all this to you.'"

"*Very well!*" said I, quite carried away by feelings such as I cannot express, "*I am quite at your service!*"

"*What?*" said he, dumfounded for a moment, and looking to see if the man "clothed and in his right mind" on whom he was looking could be the dark and bearded wanderer he had saved from the falling boulder.

"Yes, my friend," said I, "and you may know it by this token—

'A kindly deed for another's need,
Brings a blessing and God's good speed.'"

"Come along!" said the warm-hearted Alec, seizing my hand and leaving it half-helpless after he had done with it.

I am not sure that he would not have carried me on his back had that mode of locomotion been agreeable. At Marloch House I was introduced to the young lady whose low, sweet voice I had heard in the mountain mist; to the silver-haired old lady, whose welcome was a benediction; to a young and ruddy little "Alec" of four years; to a bright and little romp called Lizzie;" and last, not least, to a tall, fair-haired, queenly-looking maiden, who was none other than the brave Maggie

who had gone out in the dark days to fight the world alone, and of whom the landlord of Marloch Inn had said that "the man who married her, though she has na a babee in her pouch, will find in hersel' a tocher worth mony a braw guinea o' gold." Of course, I need not say that she soon began to set her cap—Oh!— . . . . .

"What an abominable fib, Philip! You shan't write that."

It was a bouncing box on the dexter ear that extorted that, "Oh." "Maggie!" quoth I, in just indignation, to my wife, who has been looking over my shoulder. One sight of my darling's blue eyes disarms me, and I will say no more: only this, that these pages are written in the long forsaken library of Crowthorpe Hall, now renovated, beautified, and brightened by woman's presence, and by the young gentleman now quiescent in cradled slumber, who on occasion can wax wanton with papa's whisker's and mamma's curls; and this, that I am no longer a moody, discontented wanderer, but a happy husband and a proud father, that the Strong Arm has charge of all, and that I still find happy experience of the truth that—

"A kindly deed for another's need,
Brings a blessing and God's good speed."

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## TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

EVERY coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished, upon earth,
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase was but small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it—that is all!

But each merciful oblation—
Seeds of pity wisely sown,
What we give in self negation,
We may truly call our own:
For the treasure freely given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in Heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!

—*J. G. Saxe*

# THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

In the afternoon Ray visited madam. She evinced an unusual pleasure and interest in his return, and he was astonished to see her so bright and well. Almost constantly in the company of children, it seemed as if her face caught something youthful from the little faces in which she loved to look. She was sitting at the window in a large crimson chair, and was as carefully attired as if she were eighteen instead of eighty, and beneath her bands of snow-white hair, her eyes were limpid and brilliant as ever. Ray was proud of her; he also loved her. She was the only mother he remembered; he kissed her hands and face with an affection she could not mistake.

"You have brought me news, Ray?"

"Yes," and he told her the whole sad story, and she listened with apparent indifference. But when he had left the room she covered her face and wept. "So many go away, and I remain," she murmured. "Gay and handsome, strong and gallant, he has perished miserably, while I, frail and old and sorrowful, still live on." All thoughts of anger or revengeful triumph had departed—she was astonished that she could not feel them; even Gloria was a second thought, but when once she had presented herself to madam's mind, all other considerations were pushed aside. Now John Preston could go and find her. She might see the dear child again. She might have time to undo some of the evil she had wrought. She sent a note, asking John to come over to Briffault and see her.

Ray went in the middle of the afternoon, when he knew John was sure to be alone in his room. John was both astonished and disturbed at his entrance. He rose at Ray's entrance, but he did not speak a word either of anger or of welcome.

"I have come to pay you that seven hundred dollars, and to ask you to give me your friendship again."

"Do you think seven hundred dollars is the measure of my friendship, Ray? Did I withdraw my friendship for seven hundred dollars?" Will I give it back again for seven hundred dollars?"

"You mistake me, John. I am miserable, not only about the money, but for the wrong I did at that time. I wish to pay it back with every cent of interest. I think I ought."

"You are right, you ought. Pay it, then. I hear you can well afford it."

"But there is a debt between us I can never pay; don't think I have forgotten it. I know the full value of what you did for me at that time. John, I am truly sorry for the past; won't you be my friend again?"

Then John lifted his brown, bright face and stretched out his hand across the table, and his gray eyes had the twinkle of forced-back tears in them.

"Thank you, John. Ever since Grady's death I have been wanting to tell you this."

"Grady dead! O Ray, I hope you had no part in any man's death!"

"No; it was the Comanches. I went to his rescue, but it was too late. At first I was glad of the dreadful fate that had come to him; at the last I pitied and forgave him."

"Thank God for that!"

Then they talked over the tragedy, and though Ray said very little about his own feelings, John perceived that God had spoken to his conscience, and that he was as wretched as Adam was when he went and hid himself among the trees of the garden.

He returned with Raymund to Briffault, and as madam was just taking her afternoon tea, he joined her. She was not a woman disposed to approach a question in any roundabout way; and as soon as they were alone, she said,

"Grady is dead. You can now fulfil your promise about Gloria."

"I am ready to do so, madam; that is, I shall be in a week or ten days. Where do you think I ought to seek her first? In New Orleans?"

"No; she would go farther from home. She knew her brother often visited New Orleans. I am sure she would go to New York. She knew it partially, and its rapid life attracted her."

"Have you any clew to give me?"

"I have no clew of any kind. You must trust to your own judgment entirely."

"Then I will do my best. May God bless the effort!"

"Write to me occasionally. I shall sit here, and watch and wait. There is no harder work, John."

"I will remember that. Once a week I will write though I have nothing but failure to report."

"Thank you, John. Disappointment is better than suspense."

"As she held his hand at their parting, she said, in a low, hesitating voice:

"Have you considered all, John? Gloria was vain and weak —she may not be a good woman—she may be a very bad woman—even among the lost ones."

John's eyes kindled: the man's soul sprang into his face.

"Madam," he said, "what then? Christ came to seek and save the lost. Are we not all lost? St. John uses a very broad expression; I want you to think about it: 'Jesus Christ is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins *of the whole world.*' Who can narrow that zone of mercy? God willeth not that *any* should perish. Christ is sufficient to the very uttermost. Do you think, then, that Gloria, for whom prayer has gone up continually, is lost? O no, madam! O no!"

"John, you almost make me to hope. Last night, as I sat alone, I thought of many things—thought of how patient God had been with me—so long patient—and I wept very bitterly, John."

"Those were good tears, madam. Your Father is surely calling you; arise and go to Him."

"Farewell, John Preston. I hope to hear good news from you."

"It is sure to come. Farewell."

"John—one moment—I had forgotten." And she put a purse into his hand.

He pushed it gently back.

"No; I have enough. The expense must be mine."

"Don't be selfish, John. Allow me to help. Take it for some poor soul. I have given it after a hard struggle. Don't refuse my offering."

"Indeed, I will not refuse it. I will try and do some good with every dollar."

Before leaving the house he wished to see Cassia. He found her in her sewing-room, cutting out clothing for her large family. She straightened herself as he entered, and, with a smile, laid the scissors upon the table, and sat down to chat with him. Mary Briffault, now a lovely girl, was at the machine, sewing. John kissed her and told her to go and keep madam company a little time while he spoke to her mother. Then Cassia looked at him anxiously. The remark indicated a desire for private conversation, and she had learned to fear tidings she had to hear alone.

"What is the matter, John? Why did you send Mary away?"

"I want to speak to you about Gloria."

"*O!*" Cassia's face grew cold and indifferent. Gloria had brought her so much sorrow that she felt as if any other subject would be more pleasant.

"I am going away to try and find her. I may be a long time away. Is there anything I can do for you, Cassia, before I go?"

She longed to cry, but she would not.

"There is nothing you can do now. I wanted you to try and influence Ray. Sterne's business is for sale; why should he not buy it? If he has not money enough we could sell Briffault.

I dislike the place so much, and madam is now more inclined than she ever was before to do something to keep Ray at home. But Gloria crosses my plans and hopes again. She has been a great sorrow to me."

"Dear Cassia, you are more unjust, more unkind, than I ever saw you. Try and be generous."

"One gets tired of being generous, John, when generosity is always abused."

"Cassia, I promised madam, long ago, to seek Gloria when I could do so without wrong. Her husband is dead. No one has now a better right to seek her than I have."

"O dear! Then you mean to marry her? After all these years you are still infatuated?"

"Yes, I mean to marry her. I am, I will admit, still infatuated."

"Then there is no more to be said."

In little more than a week John was ready for his journey. Just before leaving he went to Souda's. He was a little depressed. He wondered if he was leaving a positive and evident duty for work of his own setting. There were Cassia and Ray and madam, to all of whom he could speak many a word of help and comfort. There were his two class-meetings, his appointments for local preaching, his Bible class, his manifold opportunities on his western journeys. Was it right and wise to leave all these, and go seeking the one woman whom he loved? Was it his own selfish love that was leading him? John Preston had a tender conscience, and these questions troubled him much. He had prayed for direction, but he did not yet feel as if his Father had given him the special word of command, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

As he was musing upon these things Souda approached him. "Good-ebening, Mass' John," she said, cheerily.

"Good evening, Souda. I am going away, perhaps for a long time, and I must leave madam upon your conscience and your affection, Souda; go often and see her. Get her to talk to you. Not neglecting your other work, you must also do this."

"Mighty long way to Briffault, Mass' John, but I'll go sure, jist as often as I kin."

"Mass' John, why did you change de class night?"

"Because, as I told you, I am going away, going to seek Miss Gloria."

"O, my Lord! Is that really so? I'se wondered and wondered how she was to get back home. I didn't fink ob you gwine with the peace message."

"I'm not sure whether I am doing right to go, Souda. You know I have so many duties here."

"You is doin' jist what de Lord Jesus wants you to do. You is leavin' de ninety and nine sheep in de fold, and gwine into

de wil'erness after de lost one. And I'm sure you'll 'member de way he acted about de wanderer. He didn't get wearied wid de trouble, nor cross 'bout de searchin'; and when he found it, he laid it on his shoulders 'joicing! Mass' John, 'joicing! fink ob dat! He didn't blame it, and rake up all de ole faults, and say, 'You was allays jumpin' de wall, and runnin' 'way from de fold.' He didn't throw up fings to it, 'You did dis or de oder.' He jist cast all de sin and trouble 'hind his back, and carried it home, 'joicin'!"

John looked gratefully into Souda's strong, glowing countenance; all his doubts and fears were gone. He went back to the house with her, and stood up in his place, and spoke to the people gathered there with mighty power. And as he was speaking to them a thought came into his heart, and, without disputing, he gave it to them, that it might be realized in action.

"Are you not all Briffaults?" he inquired.

"All ob us 'cept ole Jude, in de corner dar. He 'longed to the Green fambly," answered Souda."

"You all remember madam?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!"

"You thought her a hard mistress?"

"Yes!" The answer was scattering and half-reluctant.

"She is now a very old woman, she cannot live long. She is trying to find her way back to God, and she cannot pray. Who among you will pray for her? Who among you, forgetting all his own wrongs, will say, 'Pardon her transgressions and love her freely?'"

"I!" "I!" "I!" The answer was a universal one, and before its echo had died away, a very old man, in a thin, trembling voice began singing:

"'When de sinner got no heart to pray,
O Lord Jesus, on de cross!
When de sinner got no word to say,
Pray, Lord Jesus, on de cross!
O sinner, neber min' how bad you be,
Look away! Look away to Calvary!'"

While this "spiritual" was being sung, with an amazing pathos of imploration, John slipped from the room.

Souda lifted her strong resonant voice in the Negro Methodists' favourite spiritual:

"'De fox hab de hole in de groun',
An' de birds hab nest in de air,
An' ebery t'ing hab a hiding place,
But we poor sinners hab none.
Methodist, Methodist is my name,
Methodist till I die,
I'll be baptize in de Methodist name,
Methodist till I die.

With every verse their warm hearts grew warmer. "Babylon's Fallen," "'Most Done Trabelin," "Gideon's Band ob Milk-white Horses," and many another stirring "spiritual made the old rooms echo. One by one they went away singing, until Souda and Jane and two others were left alone. Then Souda told them, "Mass' John Preston is gwine to find Miss Gloria, de poor lamb, los' in de wilderness;" and ere she was aware, her feet began to move, and her large hands to softly pat her knees, and in a voice of triumph she commenced:

"'De Great Householder gwine to sweep de house,
Gwine to light de can'le and sweep de whole house,
Tink of dat, little chillen!
Gwine to seek and find de piece ob silver,
Gwine to seek it through de day and midnight,
Tink of dat little chillen!
When de Master finds de piece ob silver,
What a shouting, little chillen!
What a joy among de angels, little chillen!
What a shouting and a glory, little chillen!
O yes! O yes! Bound to find de silver,
Bound to count de silver in de Promised Land!
With a shouting and a glory in de Promised Land!'"

Even while Souda was singing, "Gwine to seek and find de piece ob silver," John was boarding the tug which was to take him out to the New York steamer lying at the harbour bar. He had committed his way to God, and he believed that He would "order it," and bring also to pass whatever He had ordained. His first work on reaching the great city was to make himself familiar with the social life, its hours and places of work and recreation. Then he began his search. When women were shopping he lingered about the doors of their favourite stores. In the park hours he watched the drive; in the evening he stood at the entrances of the theatres and music halls. Sometimes he spent day after day upon the pleasure steamers plying to the resorts on the bay. His sight, trained upon the prairie to be on the constant "lookout," was remarkably keen and swift. Nothing escaped it. In a crowd he saw every face In a list of names any one having the slightest resemblance to "Gloria," "Briffault," or "Grady" attracted him immediately. Going down a street he read with precision every sign; but two months passed, and he had obtained no clew to the object of his search.

When the gay world began to return from its holiday-making, John went over the same ground with renewed hope. Christmas and New Year passed; it was the very height of the gay season. One morning John was sitting at the little marble table, waiting for the breakfast he had ordered. It was a cold, clear morning, and he was watching the shop-girls, full of chatter and laughter, going to their various stores. *The Herald* lay

before him, but he had not opened it; and, as he was slowly preparing to do so, his coffee and steak were ready, and he put the paper down at his side. In the middle of his meal his eyes fell upon the words:

"Ladies' fine imported costumes. Madam Gloria Valdaz, 33 West —— Street."

For a moment he gazed like one spell-bound; then, rising hastily, he went to his room to consider the hope that had come to him. For he remembered that in the convent at San Antonio Gloria's favourite music teacher had been a Miss Valdaz. The conjunction of the two names was circumstantial evidence of the clearest kind to John.

He went at once to look at the house named in the advertisement. It was a large and handsome one. A servant-man was drawing up the blinds and polishing the windows; but there was little evidence of life in it until about ten o'clock. Then carriage after carriage began to arrive; there was a constantly moving panorama of fine equipages and fine ladies and liveried servants until three o'clock, when the rush of visitors was over, and John ventured to call upon Madam Valdaz. Without hesitation he was shown into a handsome parlour. On the sofas and tables the richest silks and satins, fine laces, furs and feathers were lying. A couple of ladies were examining the goods, while an old gentleman, who was their escort, stood at the window, looking out into the street, with a bored and rather contemptuous face. John handed his card to the saleswoman in attendance. She was trying to make a sale; she bowed and held it in her hand. Evidently he might have to wait, and he was rather pleased with the prospect. He soon understood that behind the folding doors there was an inner sanctum of fashion. The murmur of voices was audible, and first one and then another visitor came from its seclusion and went away.

Suddenly there was a light, shrill, rippling laugh; it began spontaneously, it was broken off, as it were, in the middle. He turned; the bearer of his card had disappeared, and he was alone in the room. If it was Gloria, it was probably his name that had interrupted her mirth. Almost as the thought crossed his mind the doors were pushed softly apart, and she stood a moment within them, looking at John. Never had he thought of her growing to so perfect and splendid a womanhood. The small, round, curly head which had nestled so often upon his shoulder was lifted proudly, and crowned with waving bands and massive braids. She wore a marvellous costume of brown and amber satin, and she seemed to have grown taller, and have an air of authority that made her appear strange to him.

But the moment she advanced with both her hands outstretched, and a bright, bewitching smile lighting up her

piquant face, John recognized the old Gloria. His emotion was so great that he could not speak; his lips indeed moved, but no words were audible, and it was Gloria who, as she led him to a sofa, said softly:

"I am so glad to see you."

"O Gloria!"

"How did you find me out?"

"I have been seeking you for half a year."

She pouted a little and shrugged her shoulders.

"What for, then? Is grandma dead? Has she left me a great fortune?"

She asked the questions with a light, mocking laugh, and John answered, gravely:

"No; Captain Grady is dead."

"Are you sure?"

"Else I had not been here, Gloria."

"Who told you?"

"Ray was present when he died."

"Did Ray kill him at last?"

"The Indians scalped him."

A singular expression came over her face; there was a little fear or wonder in it.

"Well, that is strange," she said slowly. "Very often I used to say to him, 'Denis, I hope, I do hope, the Comanche will scalp you!' I dare say he remembered it. Now you must stay and dine with me. O how much we shall have to talk about!"

"Yes, indeed; and I shall be glad to stay."

She led him into an elegant room, where a table was already laid for her meal. John looked round in wonder. The splendour was very real splendour, every appointment showed not only fine taste, but affluence. Gloria watched his face with amusement, and after dinner, as they sat in the luxurious chairs before the open fire, drinking coffee, she said:

"I see you are astonished, John."

"I am, indeed."

"You expected to find me a miserable, starving prodigal, out at elbows and toes—a kind of digrace to all who loved me?"

"No, I did not. You love your body too well not to take good care of it, Gloria."

"O, that's the way you put it!"

"How do you put it?"

"A little different to that. I think I deserve some credit."

He watched her toying with her gold bracelet, watched the changing lights and shadows on her face, and they were so mixed, so contrary, and so fleeting, that he knew not how to read them. But he perceived that her experience had not been favourable to her character. At this first meeting, however, they spoke as friends long parted are apt to speak—of so

many subjects, that all were touched in a passing, superficial manner.

It was now that John's trial really commenced. Before he found Gloria he thought it would be easy to forgive her anything—everything. But he had not included in that bill of amnesty the kind of sinner he found, for he had never known, never imagined such a character—a woman whose intense selfishness kept her safe within the pale of respectable sins; a woman who went to church as a matter of business or of fashion; who lived quietly and regularly because dissipation was bad for her health and impaired her beauty; who had no love affairs, because she considered it the height of folly to love any one better than herself; who was honest because honesty was the best policy, and good-tempered because it was more comfortable to be good-tempered.

As John gradually learned from her the history of her movements after leaving Briffault, he was astonished at the prudence she had manifested; for there is no doubt that the children of the world are wise in their generation. The walk of five miles to Waul's Station was the only inconvenience she had permitted herself to suffer. From thence she had found comfortable transit to New York, every mile of the way.

"And I quite enjoyed the journey," she said to John, looking him directly in the face with her quick, challenging expression. "Yes, I really enjoyed it. We had lovely weather and nice company, and I thought myself, 'I may just as well make a pleasant trip of it. One never knows what is to come after.'"

"Were you not terrified to find yourself in such a great city without friends, and lonely? O how lonely you must have been!"

"After living with Denis Grady on the frontier the society of two million people seemed delightful; I was far more afraid of him than of a city full. I had a very good plan, also. When I was here with Ray and Cassia we stayed at a very fine hotel, and the proprietor was always kind to me. I went straight to him. I told him my true story, showed him the jewels grandma had given me and asked him to advise me. He was kind and as true as gold. Of course I should have been questioned and doubted and cheated in the sale of the stones! He sent for the expert of a large jewellery firm, and made him value them in my presence. He said they were worth three thousand five hundred dollars, and when the firm proposed to buy them I had only to take their check in exchange."

"You were very wise and fortunate, but how did you drift into this business?"

"Very naturally. One morning I went to a store on Broadway to buy myself a bonnet. During my previous visit I had bought several there, and the lady recognized me, and we fell

into conversation, for she was selling out her business, and she thought I was rich and could buy many things. I did not buy much then, but I went back to my hotel and thought very seriously over my affairs. I knew that thirty-five hundred dollars would not last forever; I could teach music and embroidery; I could make lace. But what a slavery is teaching! and children I have always detested. Lace-making was independent, but it made my eyes red and tired."

"I thought of these things for a few hours, and then I made up my mind to buy the business of Madam Jeanne Deschamps, retiring from millinery to matrimony. She was very anxious to get rid of it; the transfer was pleasantly made, and a week after my first intention I walked into the work-room one morning, and said: 'Ladies, I am your employer for the future. The forewoman was a very clever business woman; I made a friend of her. She gave me the best of advice, and I had sense enough to take it. She is with me yet."

"But you were ignorant of the business practically?"

"I did not need practical knowledge. I found skilful hands and paid them well. I was my own saleswoman, and I made myself as charming as possible to every one. Very soon I got a reputation. My profits were enormous; two hundred per cent. sometimes! I got a larger store; then I took a house and furnished it, and imported fine costumes and silks and laces, and whatever I touched turned into gold. Last year I bought this house," she said, rising and surveying the handsome room from her position on the earth-rug. "Yes, John, this house is all mine, from cellar to roof-stone. I do not owe a cent, and I dare say if a friend wanted a few thousands I could let him have them, easily."

She looked so handsome so self-satisfied, so proud of her success; but she was anoyed at John's sombre face and downcast eyes. He did not answer her remark, though he believed it to have been made in a little outburst of regard for his own benefit.

"Don't you think I have done very well, John?"

"Very well, singularly well, for yourself, as regards this world, Gloria; but, dearest heart! what about the next one? I was thinking of that."

"It seems to me, John, that while we are in this world it is enough to do our duty to this world."

"Yes, if we were going to stay in this world forever; but the soul is a star-travelled stranger only here for a purchase. Time is given it to buy eternity with."

"Now, please, don't preach, John—" and just at that moment a gay party entered, who insisted on Gloria going with them to the opera. She looked at John. He had risen and gone to the window, and was gazing into the gas-lit street. His face was

dark and troubled, and Gloria's heart, or conscience, pinched her a little; but she went away laughing to prepare herself for the entertainment. When she returned to the room, John had gone, and one of her visitors began to make himself merry about the "gloomy knight."

Gloria flashed up like a flame.

"I can tell you," she said, passionately, "that it would take ten, twenty, yes, sir, fifty ordinary men like you to make one John Preston!"

She did not enjoy her evening after this episode. She had lost control of herself, she saw nothing interesting, heard no melody in all the music. She was thinking of that tall, sorrowful man in the shadow of the window curtain, and all the gay show was but a phantasm of strut and bluster and hollow laughter.

The next day John did not call, and she was restless and unhappy.

"How provoking men are!" she exclaimed, angrily, as she sat down to her dinner alone. "All day I have been waiting to tell John how sorry I am, and he won't come. When he does come I shall most likely not be able to say it."

Her anticipation was partly correct; she was cross and unhappy next evening, and inclined to say disagreeable things.

"Why did you let me go to the opera?" she asked. You think it is so wicked to go, and yet you stood still, and never said one word to prevent me from committing a sin. I expected you to speak out, like a man."

"I was so grieved and astonished—"

"You were so jealous, and because you were jealous you forgot all about my soul. If I believed what you believe, if I had been you, John, I would have said, 'Gloria, don't go to the opera. It is wrong to go.' I would have said it, and I would have stood to it; I wouldn't have minded the Queen of England, or Pope of Rome, or the President of the United States."

"If I had done so, would you have staid at home?"

"Yes, I would. If you had asked me in that way, I would. I should have been so proud of you! And there is another thing, John; you might wear something else than that forever broadcloth. It is very good and very becoming, but it isn't fashionable."

John drew close to her, and spoke as he had not dared to speak for many years. He told her how precious she was to him, and begged her to leave all and go back to Texas as his wife. She was frightened at the fervour and ardour of devotion she had roused.

The conversation was a step forward, and when John wrote to madam that week, it was in a more hopeful tone. And O, how his letters were watched for and enjoyed and speculated

upon! Ray, indeed, said little, but he always listened with interest to all that Cassia had to tell.

In fact the news of Gloria's prosperity had been a great surprise to all. And perhaps the self-complacent, wealthy prodigals who have done well unto themselves, are not easy to forgive as those who come wanting all things, and humbly throwing themselves upon the love they have wronged. Cassia went to her room and pitilessly examined her heart. "What was it I wished?" she asked: "that John should find the poor girl in the depths? Am I envious of her success, her fine house, and radiant beauty? O how wicked that would be! She is Ray's sister, she is John's love! Dear God, forgive the shadow of evil in my heart!"

As for madam, she received the news in speechless wonder. She trembled and laid her hand upon Cassia for support. Her lips quivered, her eyes filled, and one great sob shook her, like wind shakes the tree-tops. In that moment Cassia stooped forward and kissed her. It was the first time she had dared to kiss her. It was done in a sudden impulse of pity and sympathy and joy. But after all those years of patience, the concession had come at the right moment. Madam's pale face flushed, and she put out her hand and said,

"Thank you, my dear."

And at that very hour there was a little prayer-meeting in Souda's kitchen. In the glow of the wood fire, three or four old men and three or four old women were singing to the patting of their hands and feet—

"'De Great Householder gwine to sweep de house
Gwine to light de can'le and sweep de whole house,
Gwine to seek and fin' de piece ob silver
What am lost, little chillen!
When de Master finds de piece ob silver,
What a shoutin', little chillen!
What a joy 'mong de angels, little chillen!
What a shoutin' and a glory, little chillen!
O yes! O yes! Bound to find de silver,
Bound to count de silver in de Promised Land!
Wid a shoutin' and a glory in de Promised Land!'"

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## LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

If you want your home to be sweet and bright,
You must open the blind and door,
So that warm and cheering, the blessed light
Into every part may pour.

And unless you want your heart to be
All buried in selfish sin,
Just open it wide to humanity
And let the sunshine in.

## THE CANADIAN MARTYR MISSIONARY.*

BY SARAH LONGHURST.

On the 30th January, 1646, Father Anne De Noue left Three Rivers for Richelieu, where he was to say mass and hear confessions. His companions, who were unaccustomed to snow-shoes, becoming too weary to proceed, the aged priest left them encamped on the shore of Lake St. Peter, intending to proceed to the fort by moonlight, and send some one back to assist in drawing the sledges. Before morning a storm came up and he lost his way. Two days afterwards he was found, eighteen miles up the river, frozen to death in the attitude of prayer. "Thus," says Parkman, "in an act of Christian charity died the first martyr of the Christian mission."

STEADILY onward, o'er ice and snow,
He toiled alone in the silent night,
The stars above were his guides, below
Was a level, trackless plain of white.

He saw the moon come up in the east,
Behind, like demons in swift pursuit,
Were the storm clouds, and the aged priest
Told his beads and prayed, though his lips were mute

With fear, as the guiding lights grew dim,
And a curtain of snow began to lower,
While a prison-like wall arose between
The traveller and the far-off shore.

As a soul that seeks the escape from sin,
And ever turning still meets the foe,
He struggled till morning broke, shut in
By that shifting wall of descending snow.

Silent, resistless, o'ermastering,
It wrapped him round in its still embrace,
And hugged its prey, while anon 'twould fling
An icy dart in its captive's face.

Through the long day and the weary night,
He battled with hunger, cold and pain,
Till far in the east a beacon light
Gleamed like a star across the plain.

But for a moment, the meteor spark
Went out, and his eyes were dim with age,
Close to the fort in the storm and dark
He passed, while around the keen winds wage

* We have pleasure in publishing this fine poem describing the pathetic death of the first Canadian martyr missionary. Though his was of another race and faith than ours, yet across the centuries we feel the kinship of his heroic soul.—ED.

An angry warfare, and weary and faint
He knelt in prayer on that dreary shore,
But an angel hushed his meek complaint,
And sealed the white lips for evermore,

. . . . . .

Like a kneeling statue, cold and white,
They found him, his face turned to the skies,
Where the noble soul had winged its flight
To the martyr's crown in Paradise.

UFFORD, Ont.

# The Higher Life.

## GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.

ONE of the many internal evidences that the Bible is of Divine origin is furnished by its method of dealing with heaven. If it were a human composition, it would devote a large space to that existence in which immortal beings are to spend everlasting ages; it would dwell on numberless particulars in its description of the "Better Country." But God's Book devotes over one hundred average pages to the rules of life in this world—even though this life on earth is measured by two or threescore of years. Its aim is to show us the *way* to heaven; and when we get there it will be time enough to find out what manner of place it is, and what will be the precise employment of its occupants. A very few sentences only in God's Word are devoted to the description of the Saints' Everlasting Home. The Bible says just enough to pique our curiosity and to stimulate speculation, but not enough to lift the sublime mystery which overhangs it like a cloud of glory. A few things seem clear to us. It is a *place*—a distinctly bounded one, or else such words as "walls" and "gates" are a mere phantasy. The light of it proceeds from a central throne; for the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne is the light thereof.

There is something beautifully suggestive in the many-sidedness of heaven, with gates of entrance from every point of the compass. This emphasizes the catholicity of God's "many mansions," into which all the redeemed shall enter, from

all parts of the globe, and from every denomination in Christ's flock. All shall come in through Christ, yet by many gateways. The variety of "fruits" on the trees of life points toward the idea of satisfying every conceivable taste and aspiration of God's vast household.

Heaven is assuredly to be a home; its occupants one large, loving household. It will meet our deepest social longings; no one will complain of want of "good society." The venerable Emerson is not the only profound thinker who has fed his hopes of "a good talk with the Apostle Paul." Dr. Guthrie is not the only parent who has felt assured that his "wee Johnnie would meet him inside the gate." Many a pastor counts on finding his spiritual children there as a crown of rejoicing in that day. The recognition of friends in heaven cannot be a matter of doubt. Nor will any hateful spirit of caste mar the equalities of a home where all have a common Lord, and all are brethren.

When Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, returned from his visit to Rome in the days of her glory, he reported to his sovereign that he had seen a "commonwealth of kings." So will it be in heaven, where every heir of redeeming grace will be as a king and priest unto God, and Divine adoption shall make every one a member of the royal family. What a comfort that we need never to pull up our tent poles in quest of a pleasanter residence! Heaven will have no "moving-day." When you and I, brother, have packed up at the tap of death's signal-bell, we set out on our last journey; and there will be a delightful permanence in those words, "*forever* with the Lord." The leagues to the home are few and short. Happy is that child of Jesus whose life-work is kept up so steadily to the line that he is ready to leave it at an instant's notice; happy is he who is ever listening for the invitation to hasten to his home.

One of the best evidences of the changed and entirely sanctified condition of Christians in that new world of glory will be, that God can *trust us* there with complete unalloyed prosperity! I never saw a Christian yet in this world who could be; even Paul himself needed a "thorn" to prick his natural pride and keep him humble. There is not one of us whose religion might not soon decay, like certain fruits, if exposed to the blazing heat of a perpetual sunshine. Here we require constant chastisements, constant lettings down, and frequent days of cloud and storm. God could not more effectually ruin us than by letting us have our own way.

But in heaven we can bear to be perpetually prosperous, perpetually healthy, perpetually happy, and freed from even the need of self-watchfulness. The hardest recognition of heaven will be to *know ourselves.* We shall require no rods of discipline there, and there will be no house-room for crosses in the realms of perfect holiness. Can it be that you and I shall ever see a day that shall never know a pang, never witness a false step, never hear a sigh of shame or mortification, never see one dark hour, and never have a cloud float through its bright unbroken azure of glory? Can all this be? *Yes,* this may all, and will all, be true of me, if I am Christ's faithful child; but O, what a *changed creature* must I be when I get on the other side of that gate of pearl! Heaven will not be a greater surprise to us than we shall be to ourselves.—*Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, in Christian at Work.*

## Consecration.

I DESIRE to make this subject so plain and practical that no one need have any further difficulty about it, and therefore I will repeat just what must be the acts of your soul in order to bring you out of this difficulty about consecration.

I assume that you have trusted the Lord for forgiveness of your sins, and know something of what it is to belong to the family of God and to be made an heir of God through faith in Christ. And now you feel springing up in your soul the longing to be thoroughly conformed to the image of your Lord; that He may work in you *all* the good pleasure of His will.

What you must do now is to come continually to Him in a surrender of your whole self to His will, as complete as you know how to make it. You must ask Him daily to reveal to you by His Spirit any hidden rebellion; and if He reveals nothing, then you must believe that there is nothing, and that the surrender is complete. This must, then, be considered a settled matter; you have abandoned yourself to the Lord, and from henceforth you do not in any sense belong to yourself; you must never even so much as listen to a suggestion to the contrary. If the temptation comes to wonder whether you really do completely surrender yourself, meet it with an immediate renewal of the surrender and consecration. Do not even argue the matter. Repel any such idea instantly, and with decision. You meant it before, you mean it now; you have really done it. Your emotions may clamour against the surrender, but

your will must hold firm. It is your purpose God looks at, not your feelings about that purpose; and your purpose, or will, is therefore the only thing you need to attend to.

The surrender, then, having been made, never to be questioned or recalled, the next point is to believe that God takes that which you have surrendered, and to reckon that it is His. Not that it will be at some future time, but is now; and that He has begun to work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. And here you must rest. There is nothing more for you to do but to follow God's leadings, for you are the Lord's now, absolutely and entirely in His hands, and He has undertaken the whole care and management and forming of you, and will, according to His Word, "work in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ." But you must hold steadily here. If you begin to question your surrender, or God's acceptance of it, then your wavering faith will produce a wavering experience, and He cannot work. But while you trust He works, and the result of His work always is to change you into the image of Christ, from glory to glory, by His mighty Spirit.

Do you, then, now at this moment surrender yourself wholly to Him? You answer, Yes. Then, my dear friend, begin at once to reckon that you are His; that He takes you, and that He is working in you to will and to do of His good pleasure. And keep on reckoning this. You will find it a great help to put your reckoning into words, and to say over and over to yourself and to your God, "Lord, I am Thine; I do yield myself up to Thee entirely, and I believe that Thou dost take me. I leave myself with Thee. Work in me all the good pleasure of Thy will, and I will only lie still in Thy hands and trust Thee." Make this a constant definite act of your will, and many times a day recur to it, as being your continual attitude before Him. Confess it to yourself. Confess it to your friends. Avouch the Lord to be your God continually and unwaveringly, and declare your purpose of walking in His ways and keeping His statutes; and you will find in practical experience that He has avouched you to be His peculiar people, and that you shall keep all His commandments, and that you will be "an holy people unto the Lord, as He hath spoken."—*Adapted from "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."*

## Holiness to the Lord!

"And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet, holiness to the Lord."—Exodus xxviii. 36.

This motto is written in the Book in large capitals. The dimmest eye can see the signet. What typography has done for the page the Holy Spirit is to do for the heart and life. There must be no mistake about the language of our prayer, endeavour, study, service and aspiration. In the beginning they may be poor in expression, they may struggle and halt a good deal, and bring upon themselves the vexation of a narrow and mocking criticism; but to the Divine eye they must be so ordered as to represent the purpose of holiness, the meaning of Godlikeness.

What, then, is the object of all this priesthood, all this ministry, church-building and church attendance? What is the mystery of it all? The answer is sublime; no man need blush for it; the object we have in view is holiness to the Lord; and that is the meaning of every turn of the hand; that is what we want to write; you can mock us; we are making but poor writing of it; at present the work is done in a very feeble manner—none can know it so truly as those know it who are trying to carry it out. We know we expose ourselves to the contempt of the mocker, but if you ask us what we would accomplish, what is the goal towards which we are moving, we take up the word, we do not attempt to amend them; we cannot paint such beauty or add to the glory of such lustre; our motto, our wish, our prayer, our end is: Holiness to the Lord. We are not fanatics; we know the spirit of reason; we pay homage at the altar of reason! we think; we compare; we can bring things together that are mutually related; we can construct arguments and examine evidences and witnesses; and if you ask us, as rational men—What would you be at? name your policy—this is it: that we may be holy unto God. We would so live that everything within our sphere shall be inscribed with holiness to the Lord! Yea, even upon the bells of horses we would write that sacred term, and not rest until the snuff dishes of the sanctuary are made of pure gold, until every breath is an odor from heaven, every action of the human hand a sacrifice well pleasing to God. This is our object; we do not disavow it, we do not speak of it in ambiguous terms; we would be holy unto the Lord.

# Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH—ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

### Manitoba and North-West Conference.

The Manitoba and North-West Conference was held at Portage-la-Prairie. Forty ministers and twenty-two laymen answered the first roll-call. The Rev. Thomas Argue was elected President, and the Rev. Geo. Daniel, Secretary. Two probationers were received into full connexion and ordained, and two others were ordained for special purposes. Seven candidates were received on trial and seventeen others were recommended to be employed with a view to their entering the ministry. One minister resigned. The Stationing Committee appointed ninety-nine ministers and probationers to the various circuits and missions. There is a net increase in the membership of 818. Wesley College is to commence operations this fall. The people of Winnipeg alone have contributed $2,000 of the amount required for the College.

### Nova Scotia Conference.

This Conference was held at Halifax, June 20th. A service of prayer and praise was first held, in connection with which the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. This is a new departure, but one deserving of commendation. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, was present during most of the sessions, and preached the Ordination Sermon. The Rev. J. S. Coffin was elected President, and Rev. A. D. Morton, A.M., Secretary. Four young men were received into full connexion, one of whom had been previously ordained. Four candidates were received on trial. One minister resigned, with a view to enter upon mission work in India. There have been several very gracious revivals during the year. About 950 have been added to the Church, but owing to removals, etc., the net increase is about 600. In many circuits praying and working bands have been formed, which have been effective in aiding the pastors in their work.

The report of the Book Committee was presented to Conference, showing an increase over the total sales of the year preceding of $3,067.74, and an increase over any year in the history of the book concern of about $1,000.

Rev. A. D. Morton, A.M., gave notice of motion ensuing: "That in the judgment of this Conference the time has come when we should recommend legislation favouring the extension of the pastoral time limit to five years without prejudice to the principles of itinerancy. The missions in Bermuda are self-sustaining.

The Presbyterian Assembly was in session at Halifax, and the brethren of the two Churches visited each other's ecclesiastical meetings, and spent some time very pleasantly and profitably, and by their fraternal greetings they encouraged each other in their respective spheres of operations.

A deputation from the Woman's Missionary Society visited the Conference. Mrs. Whiston delivered the address on behalf of the Society, which was listened to with great attention. It was one of more than ordinary eloquence.

### New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.

This Conference was held at Moncton, and opened June 27th. The Rev. C. H. Paisley, M.A., was elected President, and the Rev. T. Marshall, Secretary. The Presbyterian Assembly sent a letter to the Conference, expressing a wish that Presbyterian and Methodist Church services could in some way be consolidated in sparsely populated districts ; a wish in which the Conference heartily joined. There is a net increase in the membership of 521, eight out of nine of the connexional funds report an increase of income.

The Conference very earnestly commended the educational institutions of the Church to the favourable consideration of its members. The Temperance Report, like those of other Conferences, was earnest in its commendation of prohibition. The Book Room reports an increase of sales of more than $3,000, with a proportionate increase of profits. The *Wesleyan* does not quite pay its way, but it is improving. Only one candidate was ordained to the full work of the ministry. No deaths had occurred in the ministerial ranks of the Conference.

### Newfoundland Conference

This Conference was held in the city of St. John's. The Rev. John A. Williams, D.D., General Superintendent, attended for the first time. His services were greatly appreciated. Rev. G. J. Bond was elected President, and Rev. W. Swan, Secretary. One minister had died during the year, another was compelled to retire for one year, and two others had withdrawn—one to labour in the United States, and the other in England. There was only one probationer ordained. The public meetings, such as Educational, Missionary and Temperance, were numerously attended and created great interest. The Sabbath services were crowded, and were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment.

Great attention is paid to colportage and public education. Dr. Milligan, the Superintendent of Education, is doing good service for the Church. The Grammar Schools and High Schools are in a state of great efficiency, and about 7,000 children are being taught in the Methodist Day Schools.

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### English Conferences — Methodist New Connexion.

The Conference assembled in Bethesda Chapel, Hanley, the largest in the Connexion. The Rev. Thos. T. Rushforth was elected President and Rev. George Packer, Secretary. The Conference consists of an equal number of ministers and laymen. The Melbourne Church, Australia, and its minister had united with the Wesleyan Church, and the Adelaide Church and its pastor had joined the Bible Christian denomination, so that by these amalgamations Methodist union was promoted.

A Holiness Convention was held, which was a season of great spiritual power. The Sabbath services began at six o'clock in the morning, and were continued with but little interruption until a late hour in the evening.

Six young men having completed their four years' term of probation, were received into full connexion and ordained. The Conference agreed to unite with other Methodist bodies, and form one Committee of Privileges to watch over the civil interests of the whole. A Connexional Evangelist was appointed to visit the various circuits to co-operate with the ministers in revivals. Six ministers had died during the year, four of whom were men of age and ripe experience. One probationer was discontinued on account of inefficiency, and another was admonished by letter with a view to rouse him to greater energy.

Rev. Dr. Stewart, the Canadian Representative, was one of the speakers at the Missionary Meeting. The Mission in China was reported as being in a very flourishing condition. At home there is an increase of 283 members, with 4,000 on trial. Since 1875 there has been an annual

increase of 500 members. There was an interesting fraternal meeting which was attended by ministers and members of the various branches of Methodism who reside in Hanley and its neighbourhood.

### Primitive Methodist Conference.

This Conference was held at Liverpool, and was attended by 194 ministers and laymen. The Conference is a representative body on the basis of one minister to two laymen. The membership of the denomination numbers 193,000, and more than 1,000 ministers. The increase of members during the past year is 1,100, though 2,923 deaths were reported. The church in which the Conference assembled is built on land which forms part of the estate of Lord Sefton, on the whole of which no tavern can ever be erected. Rev. Thomas Whitaker was elected President and the Rev. James Jackson, Secretary. Several deputations of Wesleyan and other ministers visited the Conference, and considerable time was thus spent in pleasant intercourse. Thirteen probationers were received into full connexion and six ministers were granted a superannuated relation, two of whom were formerly junior colleagues of the present writer. Fifteen ministers had died, and eight had withdrawn, during the year; fourteen young men were received on trial. The Book Room reported a prosperous year of business, there being no less than $45,000 profits. The Sunday-schools are especially prosperous. A Sunday-school agent is constantly employed holding conventions and visiting schools.

With a view to increase the interest in missionary work, the meetings of the General Missionary Committee are to be held quarterly in different provincial towns. The most prosperous foreign mission is at Fernand Po, West Africa.

Dr. Stewart received a cordial reception, and his report of the state of Methodism in Canada elicited great interest.

### Irish Wesleyan Conference.

This Conference assembled in the City of Dublin during the second week of June. The Rev. John Walton, M.A., President of the English Conference, presided. He was accompanied by Dr. Young, ex-President, and other ministers from England. The Rev. James Donnelly was unanimously re-elected Secretary. Three young ministers were ordained. Ten ministers had died during the year; two others had removed to the United States, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Four retired from the active work and took a superannuated relation. A whole forenoon was occupied in a conversation respecting the state of the work of God. This is an example worthy of imitation.

There is an annuitant society connected with the Conference which has an income from invested capital amounting to $117,005. From this source some $20,000 was added to the capital; thirty-nine ministers and thirty-eight widows receive benefit from the fund.

The third Sunday in October was set apart as a day of intercession on behalf of the Sunday-schools. With a view to secure more efficient visitation it was ordered that each superintendent shall keep a list of all the families in his charge, and leave a copy of the same for his successor. All baptized children, with the consent of their parents or guardians are to be enrolled as members of the Methodist Church, until they arrive at sufficient age to accept or reject membership for themselves.

The open session of the Conference was one of unusual interest. In addition to the English representatives our Dr. Stewart, Rev. William Morley from New Zealand, and Rev. Wesley Guard, representative at the late General Conference, New York, delivered addresses, which greatly delighted the vast audience.

In the representative sessions a a great mount of business was done. The net increase in the membership is 269. A great number had emigrated, and there had been 437

deaths. One of the lay-members moved a resolution for the extension of the ministerial term to five years, which was unanimously adopted. More than twenty churches had been erected or enlarged during the year. It is worthy of notice that the first wrangler at the University of Cambridge this year was from Belfast Wesleyan College.

ITEMS.

The state of the Missionary Fund excites grave fears as the debt is increasing at the rate of several thousands per year. Two of the Secretaries have intimated their intention to retire at the Conference, and various suggestions are made for the management of the Society. If the income could be increased there are many openings for additional missionaries, and from necessity the Committee is compelled to refuse all applications for additional labourers.

The Home Mission continues to be successful to an extraordinary degree, and several towns are adopting the policy of stationing missionaries to churches which have become depleted, and working them on the Home Mission lines.

A new departure is proposed for City Road Chapel, London, the Cathedral of Methodism, viz., to station one minister there for pastoral oversight, who shall occupy the pulpit once on Sabbath and during the other parts of the day ministers specially appointed shall preach. Some forty ministers are thus to be selected for the purpose. It is believed that this method will be sure to draw strangers who may visit London, and will thus secure for the famous chapel a position such as it deserves.

At a special service held at Bedford, an invitation was left at every house in the town. Besides a number of children, 169 persons above the age of fourteen, professed to receive a sense of pardon. At Clifton similar services were held by the Rev. Thos. Cook, and upwards of 200 persons went into the inquiry room; at Camborne where the Conference meets, a revival service has been held, and the converts number hundreds. The missions in the east and west portions of London are doing remarkably well.

The leaven of union is working. Both in the New Connexion, Primitive Methodist, and Methodist Free Church Conferences, the subject received considerable attention. A strong party seems to favour the amalgamation of the three branches named, if nothing further can be accomplished.

On a certain Sunday the Superintendents of the Wesleyan and Primitive circuits were planned to preach in the same village. The former proposed that the Primitive brethren should worship with the Wesleyans that morning, they did so and held a most delightful service, which closed with the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon a united open-air service was held, at which both ministers officiated. In the evening both congregations worshipped in the Primitive Chapel, and so the day ended with a series of grand union services. Similar meetings held frequently would prepare the way for real union.

Brunswick Chapel, Leeds, has for many years been a noted place in Methodism. An adult Bible-class is now conducted there attended by 350 persons. Additions to the class are a weekly occurrence, and the class has proved to be a valuable feeder to the Church. Efforts are being made to attract the wanderer and sceptic and drunkard to this time-honoured place of worship.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, so well known for his evangelistic and philanthropic labours in Liverpool, has taken another step in advance, by opening a house for young men where they may obtain comfortable lodgings for a small sum, and be saved from the many injurious influences that abound in a great city. He has also opened a depot for Methodist emigrants, where they may obtain temporary lodgings when waiting for embarkation.

### The Australasian General Conference.

This Conference meets once in three years. The fifth session has just been held, which was attended by representatives from the Annual Conferences of New South Wales and Queensland, Victoria and Tasmania, South Australia and New Zealand. The Methodist Churches in the Southern world are prospering. It is thought that the most important question that came before the Conference was the terrible schism in Tonga. After a long and exhaustive debate it was unanimously resolved that the Rev. J. E. Moulton should return to Auckland, and that the Rev. George Brown should be his successor. All parties concerned agreed to this arrangement, as it was believed that no man will be so likely to heal the breach as Mr. Brown. Mr. Moulton will continue his literary work on behalf of Tonga. It is to be hoped that the breach may thus be healed.

A new college has been opened in connection with the Melbourne University, to be called Queen's College. Girl graduates are to be admitted to residence within the College walls, and the master expects the happiest results from the arrangement.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

In future all persons proposed to be sent abroad as missionaries are to appear before the General Committee, and undergo a thorough examination as to their fitness for the work.

On Sunday, July 1, at Monticello, 100 probationers were received into full membership. There were two whole families, six of one and five of another, who stood up together—father, mother, and children—and gladly took the solemn obligations of Church membership. There were forty-four heads of families, twenty-four young women, twenty-three young men, and nine boys and girls. The youngest was ten and the oldest seventy-four years of age.

Bishop Taylor is called by the African chiefs, "Old white-man-well-digger-and-long-walker.

Six missionaries have been sent to Chili, South America, to reinforce Bishop Taylor's self-supporting work, and all expenses were paid by the friends of the Transit and Building Fund Society.

The Rev. Sia Sek Ong, the first Chinese ministerial delegate to the late General Conference, has received the degree of D.D. He has three sons students at the Foochow Anglo-Chinese University.

Tiong A-Hok, the Chinese lay delegate to the General Conference, is a wealthy and generous Christian. Before his membership he gave $10,000 to the missions. He supports a Foundling Asylum of 100 girls. He gives a percentage of his profits to every worker in his establishment, from the head clerk to the errand boy.

The Book Concern at New York receives 2,000 letters per day. It circulates over one million copies of periodical literature per month, employs 500 clerks and operators, twelve editors, and four book-stewards, and has a capital of more than one million dollars.

Six colleges in Georgia, five for females and one for males, have had a prosperous year. Over 100 girls received diplomas and about thirty boys.

### The Death Roll.

The Rev. George Mather, of the British Conference has entered into rest. He commenced his ministry in 1845. For some years past, owing to feeble health, he lived in comparative retirement. While in the active work he was a man of influence, and was appointed to many important circuits. He was an author of considerable ability.

The Rev. J. S. Martin, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Baltimore, July 9th, aged seventy-three. He was in the ministry more than fifty years. His labours were confined to the valley of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. He was greatly beloved, and was a member of six General Conferences, at the last two of which he was Secretary.

# Book Notices.

*Poems.* By ROSE TERRY COOKE. 12mo, pp. 412. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co. Price $1.50.

Many of these poems have passed the ordeal of publication in the leading literary organs of the day—as *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, *The Independent*, etc. There is, therefore, the presumption that they are of distinguished merit. That presumption is vindicated by a careful examination of the contents of this handsome volume. The thought is unhackneyed; indeed, the theme is often found in very recondite sources, as the Legends of the Saints, the Stories of the Talmud, and the like. These poems are filled with a deeply religious spirit, and have the elements of abiding value. We have been especially pleased with the ballads, which recount tales from the folk lore of many lands. The writer has caught the true ballad life and spirit. It is marvellous that a lady should have so entered into the eager life of such poems as "The Squire's Boar Hunt," and others of strikingly dramatic character. The bell songs and her translations are remarkably good. As a specimen of the accomplished author's musical verse and religious spirit, we quote a single stanza of the poem entitled "It is More Blessed:"

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Give! as the waves, when their channel islands riven,
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing;
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing;
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give! as He gave thee, who gave thee to love.

*The People's Bible.* By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. VIII. 1 Kings xv.—1 Chronicles ix. 8vo, pp. 360. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.75.

This great popular commentary maintains with unabated interest the high standard which it at once reached. The quick, keen insight, the luminous exposition, the practical applications of its author, give it an ever-increasing value. The period covered by the present volume is one of much importance in the history of God's chosen people. The lessons educed therefrom—such is the perennial interest of the Divine Word—are of the greatest importance to the Church and the people of this nineteenth century. The Funk & Wagnall edition of this book is handsomely printed and bound.

*Pictures of Hellas: Five Tales of Ancient Greece.* By PEDER MARIAGER. Translated from the Danish, by MARY J. SAFFORD. Pp. 318. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

To his already large and admirable library of foreign authors Mr. Gottsberger adds a volume by Prof. Mariager, of Copenhagen, of Tales and Traditions of Ancient Greece. Most of the recent stories of classic times depict the period of the great rupture between Christianity and Paganism. These volumes are an exception. It goes back in its first sketch to the Primitive Pelasgic Period, and comes down in the last to the 103rd Olympiad (367 B.C.). The author succeeds with wonderful skill in imparting the verisimilitude of action and feeling into that old Greek life, and in giving us a striking insight into its character. As far as possible historical accuracy is observed. The book has several classical illustrations.

*St. Peter and Tom; or, Two Unlikely Heroes.* By BELLE S. CRAGIN. Pp. 196. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Peter and Tom were indeed "unlikely heroes"—particularly in the direction of Christian heroism. Neither would have been selected as affording the requisite material for a saint; for Peter was too fiery-tempered and Tom was too dull. But the author shows how Pete became a veritable Saint Peter, with all his sprightliness retained; and how Tom, by his dogged persistence in obeying the command of his dying mother, achieved a place for himself in the good opinions and in the hearts of his townspeople that many a naturally brighter boy failed to win.

*Incidents in a Busy Life.* An Autobiography of Rev. Asa Bullard, with an Introduction by REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D., and an In Memoriam Chapter by M. C. HAZARD. Pp. 235. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, Price $1.25.

Rev. Asa Bullard, long known as "Father Bullard," has been prominently before Sunday-school people for over half a century. His name is associated with that period of the Sunday-school cause when it began to take strong hold. He had much to do with pushing it forward and giving it the place it now occupies. No man was ever better fitted for his work than was Mr. Bullard for that which providentially was given to him. His autobiography is an autobiography—not an attempt to crown himself with honour by a consideration of the Sunday-school movement and his own part in it. He tells the story of his life with charming simplicity, just as though he was relating it to a select circle of friends. The portrait given in the volume is excellent. It is a book that should be in the hands of every Sunday-school worker.

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## LITERARY NOTE.

*Lyman Abbott's "Romans."* A New Illustrated Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Mr. Beecher's successor in the Plymouth pulpit, editor of the *Christian Union*, formerly literary editor of *Harper's Monthly*, and author of various books, amongst them a Life of Christ and a Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, is writing a commentary upon the New Testament for Christian workers. He has completed Matthew, Mark and Luke, John and the Acts in four volumes. He has now finished the Romans, which will be issued in a few days from the press of A. S. Barnes & Co. It is a small octavo volume of 240 pages, on excellent paper and with a number of fine illustrations made for the book. The commentary will contain a critical review of the life and work of Paul. The text is from both old and new versions. Subscribers to the early household editions of preceding volumes can obtain this volume at the book stores, or by addressing the publishers, A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

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Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.

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